THE

VISIONS

OF

JOHN BUNYAN,

Being his Last REMAINS.

Giving an Account of the

Glories of Heaven,

AND THE

Terrors of Hell,

AND OF

The WORLD to Come:

Recommended by Him as necessary to be had in all Families.

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Thomas Wilson

Tho.

TO THE READER.

Chriſtian Reader,

THE Deſign of the following Treatiſe, is thy Spiritual Advantage; that by diſplaying the Heavenly Glory to the Eyes of thy Mind, thou may'ſt have thy Affections and Deſires ſtirred up to chooſe it as thy chiefeſt Treaſure; and Then, where thy Treaſure is, thy Heart will ſoon be alſo. *And perhaps here is as much ſaid to engage thy Affections, as has been any where written upon this Subject: And which, through the Divine Bleſſing may beget in thee thoſe Breathings after the Happineſs here deſcribed, which may iſſue in thy Eternal Fruition of it. It does not indeed pretend to give a Graphical Deſcription thereof* (for it does not yet appear what we ſhall be) *but it gives ſuch a Deſcription of it as the Divine Oracles will warrant; ſhewing wherein the Nature of our Happineſs does chiefly conſiſt; and reſolving the moſt Abſtruſe and Curious Queſtions about it, according to the Word of Truth.*

And seeing Love and Desire are the Wings of the Soul, by which it flies towards Heaven, I doubt not but the devout Soul will here find those Attractives that will insensible draw it thither: For what can more engage our Affections, than the Desire of beholding that bright Eternal Excellency, who is altogether Desires; *and whom the Church describes as* fairer than the Children of Men? *And if he was so in the Days of his Humiliation, how much more Glorious is he on the* Throne, being Crowned with Glory and Honour, *as the Apostle to the* Hebrews *speaks?*

But altho' Glorious Things be spoken of the City of God, *which is represented to us as* an Eternal Excellency, *and* the Joy of many Generations; *yet after the largest Descriptions, we shall be forc'd to acknowledge, when we come to Heaven, what the Queen of* Sheba *did, when she saw the Glory of* Solomon, That the half has not been told us.

However, There is enough to engage our Hearts, and ravish our Affections, and to make us cry out with David, How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

But as Love and Desire carries us after that which we apprehend to be Amiable and Lovely; so Fear is a Passion of the Soul, whereby it flies from, and avoids, whatever it apprehends to be Evil. And this Passion works as strongly in some Souls, as Love and Desire does in others.

And

And to these the Visions of Hell may be as Useful, to affright 'em from it, as the Visions of Heaven, to draw the others to it. Here you may, as it were, lay your Ears to the Mouth of Tophet, *and hear the doleful Lamentations of those lost Wretches, that through a vain Pursuit of Sinful Pleasure, have brought upon themselves Eternal Miseries. Here you may see how they too soon lament those Torments 'tis too late to help. And these should, to all wise considering Persons, be looked on as so many Sea-Marks, to warn others to avoid the like Destruction.*

The Author to the Hebrews *tells us, That* Noah being moved with Fear, prepared an Ark to the saving of his House: *And if the Fear of the Torments of Hell (which are here so lively described) move any Souls to get into the Ark, Christ Jesus, and so avoid the Wrath to come, it will be an unspeakable Mercy.*

Nor let any one be stumbled that this is delivered under the Similitude of a Vision: *For so long as the Truths herein convey'd are according to the Analogy of Faith, the Dress, in which they are put may be very well dispensed with. I have done herein like the Physicians, who put their Physick in some pleasant Vehicle, to make it go down the easier with their Patients. And since the way to Heaven has been so taking under the Similitude of a* Dream, *why should not the Journey's End be as acceptable under the Similitude of a* Vision? *Nay why should it not be*

more acceptable, since the End is preferable to the Means, and Heaven to the Way that bring us thither? the Pilgrim met with many Difficulties; but here they are all over: All Storms and Tempests here, are hush'd in Silence and Serenity.

Let's stay no longer here then, but mount thither upon the Golden Wings of Faith and Love: For lo, the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone; the Flowers appear on the Earth, the time of the singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land; *Ten the blessed Bridegroom of our Souls calls to us,* Arise, my Love, my fair One, and come away. *Which, Reader, that thou may'st make haste to do, is the Desire and Prayer of.*

Thy Souls Well-wisher,

J. B.

The World to Come:

OR,

VISIONS

OF

HEAVEN and HELL.

The Introduction.

WHEN Wicked and Profligate Persons have gone on in a Course of Sin, to that degree, that they can scarce hope for Pardon; and find they have reason to fear the just Judgment of GOD for their Sins; they begin at first to wish that there was no God to punish them, which they think their Interest; and so by degrees come to persuade themselves that there is none. And when they set themselves to study for Arguments to back their Opinion, and [illegible]

what they are willing to *Believe*. It was with one of this ſort of *Brutes* (for they are ſcarce worthy of the Name of *Men*) that I had the unhappineſs to be acquainted; who would be continually inculcating me, *That there was neither God nor Devil, Heaven nor Hell*; and that thoſe things were only the Politick Inventions of ſuch as were willing to keep the World in awe: *Juſt* (ſays he) *as we talk of Bug-bears to affrighten Children.* It was not without Horror and Trembling that I firſt heard this Diſcourſe; and therefore I uſually left him, when he began upon theſe Topicks; but his ſpeaking of them to me ſo often, at laſt prevail'd with me to conſider what grounds he had for what he ſaid; and from this time I found my Mind perplex'd with ſo much Trouble and Darkneſs, that I could hardly bear up under it: For I knew not how to make out, to my own Satisfaction, thoſe Truths, which before appear'd to me Self-evident. I could not think there was no GOD, but with the greateſt Horror; yet I call'd in queſtion the Truth of his Being. I wou'd not have parted with my Hopes of Heaven, to have been made Heir of all the World; and yet I queſtion'd whether there was any ſuch Place or State: And I began to doubt whether there was any Hell, and yet at the ſame time thought, I found the Flames of it

flaſhing

flashing in my Face. Thus was my Mind distracted with apparent Contradictions, and I found I was involv'd in a Labyrinth of Confusion, out of which I had no Clue to Extricate my self: In this perplex'd Condition, I went to my false Friend, to see what Comfort he cou'd administer to me; (which was like *Saul*'s going to the Witch of *Endor*, when GOD had forsaken him) But what he said, did more *Confound* than *Satisfie* me. He indeed laught at my Fears, pretended to pity my Weakness, and seem'd to hug himself in the Freedom and Liberty which he enjoy'd. He told me he was never molested in the Prosecution of what he had to do, by the frightful Mormo's of a Future State, or of an After-Reckoning; That Nature was the great Mistress of the Universe, and that therefore he follow'd her Dictates; and that all the Care he took, was, so to live here; that when his Dust shou'd be next impregnated, it might be into some delightful Species of Beings: Which would likewise in a great measure be owing to the Place of his Burial; for if he were buried in a Church, or laid up in a Vault, 'twas possible his Dust might be turned into Spiders, Toads, or Serpents; and therefore he designed to be buried in a Field, or Garden, if he could; that there his Ashes might spring up in curious and

delightful Flowers; which was the utmoſt Happineſs he could propoſe to himſelf; and ſhould be very well ſatisfied to find all thoſe Spirits and Powers he was now poſſeſs'd of, exert'd in the Variegated Beauties of Nature. And further, he affirmed, That for ought he knew, in the various Metempſychoſis of Nature, he might ſome Ages hence, again Impregnate a Human Body, as he believ'd he had done many Ages paſt.

I then urg'd the Scriptures againſt all this *unintelligible Syſtem*; but he Exploded that, as being only the Engine, by which Politick Men brought about their Deſigns: And that to prove a Deity by the Scriptures, was the ſame thing as to prove the Divine Original of the Scriptures, by the Being of a Deity: Which was *Idem per Idem.*

Theſe Diſcourſes of his, putting me ſtill on further Doubts, I became ſo uneaſie, that my Life was a Burthen to me; I dreaded to be left to the Belief of thoſe curſed Notions, and yet they continually run in my Mind: I wiſh'd a thouſand times I had never heard them, and yet they were ever before me. What! (ſaid I to my ſelf) is all my hopes of Heaven nothing but a vain Chimera? Have I ſerv'd God for nought? Or rather have I fancied one, when there is no ſuch Being? It is impoſſible to tell the

Agonies

Ag[illegible]s I felt, upon my giving way to such Th[illegible]hts as theſe, which ſtill with greater for[illegible]ſſaulted me; until at laſt I was hurried [illegible] the utmoſt Pitch of Deſparation: Why ſhould I linger thus (thought I) between Deſpair and Hope? Is it not better, ſaid I to my ſelf, to put a period to this wretched Life, and to try the Truth of Things?

Upon this, I took a Reſolution to deſtroy my ſelf; and in order thereunto, went out one Morning to an adjacent Wood, where I intended to act this Bloody Tragedy; which, as I was about to perpetrate, methought I heard a ſecret Whiſper, ſaying, O Epenetus, *Plung not thy ſelf in everlaſting Miſery, to gratifie thy Soul's worſt Enemy: That fatal Stroke thou art about to give, ſeals up thy own Damnation: For if there be a GOD, as ſure there is, how can you hope for Mercy from him, when you thus wilfully deſtroy his Image?* From whence [illegible]s ſecret Whiſper came, I knew not; but do believe it was from God: For I am ſure it came with ſo much Power, it made me [illegible]fling away the Inſtrument with which I had deſigned to offer Violence to my own Life; and ſhew'd me, in a moment, the Wickedneſs thereof. The Horror of this Barbarous Intention ſet all my Joints a Trembling, that I could hardly ſtand: And then the fatal Precipiece of my deſign'd

Deſtruction was repreſented to me in that frightful View, that I could not but acknowledge my Deliverance to be the Work of ſome Inviſible and Spiritual Power, that came ſo ſeaſonably to my Reſcue. And Gratitude oblig'd me to return him Thanks: So I kneeled down upon the Ground, and ſaid.

O thou Inviſible Eternal Power, which, tho' unſeen by Man, beholdeſt all his Actions, and who haſt now with-held me from the Defacing of thine Image, I give thee humble Thanks: Yes, O thou Sovereign Being of all Beings, I give thee Thanks that I am ſtill alive, and able to acknowledge there is ſuch a Being: O do not hide thy ſelf from my beholding, in ſuch thick Clouds of Darkneſs; but let the Sun of Glory ſhine upon me, and Chaſe away the Blackneſs of my benighted Soul; that I may never more queſtion thy Being or Omnipotence, which I have had this moment ſo great Experience of.

Then riſing from my Knees, I went and ſat me down upon a Bank, my Mind being greatly taken up with the dearing Thoughts of that Eternal Goodneſs that had ſo eminently Saved me from the dreadful Gulph of Everlaſting Ruin, when I was juſt a going to plunge my ſelf into it. And now methought I could not but admire that I ſhould be ſo ſottiſh to call in queſtion the Being of a Deity; which every Creature was a witneſs

of; and which a Man's own Conscience, more than a thousand Witnesses could not but dictate to him.

Now whilst my Thoughts were taken up with these Meditations, as I sat upon the Bank, I was suddenly surrounded with a Glorious Light, the exceeding Brightness whereof was such, as I had never seen any thing like it before; this both surprized and amazed me, and whilst I was wondering from whence it came, I saw coming towards me a Glorious Appearance, representing the Person of a Man, but circled round about with lucid Beams of inexpressible Light and Glory, which stream'd from him all the way he came: His Countenance was very Awful, and yet mixt with such an Air of Sweetness, as render'd it extreamly Pleasing, and gave me some secret hopes he came not to me as an Enemy, and yet I knew not how to bear his bright Appearance; and endeavouring to stand upon my Feet, I soon found I had no more Strength in me, and so fell flat down upon my Face. But by the kind Assistance of his Arm, I was soon set upon my Feet again, and new Strength was put into me; which I soon perceiving, addrest my self to the bright Form before me, saying, *O my shining Deliverer, who hast invigorated my feeble Body, and restored me to new Life; how shall I acknowledge*

my Thankfulneſs and in what manner ſhall I adore thee?

To which he replyed, both with an Air of Majeſty and Mildneſs, *Pay thy Adorations to the Author of thy Being, and not to me, who am thy Fellow-Creature; and am ſent by him, whoſe very Being thou haſt ſo lately denied, to ſtop thee from falling into that Eternal Ruin, whereinto thou wert going to precipitate thy ſelf.*

This touch'd my Heart with ſuch a ſenſe of my own Unworthineſs, that my Soul even melted within me, and I could not forbear crying out, *O how utterly unworthy am I of all this Grace and Mercy?*

To which the Heavenly Meſſenger replyed, *The Divine Majeſty does not conſult in ſhewing Mercy, thy Unworthineſs, but his own unbounded Goodneſs, and incomprehenſible Love: He ſaw with how much Malice the grand Enemy of Souls deſired thy Ruin, and let him go on with hopes of overcoming thee, but ſtill upheld thee by his ſecret Power; through which, when* Satan *thought himſelf moſt ſure, the ſnare is broken, and thou art eſcaped.* Theſe Words made me break forth in this Extatick Rapture.

O who the depths of this great Love can tell,
To ſave a tempted ſinking Soul from Hell!
O Glory, Glory to my Saviour's Name,
I'll not through all Eternity proclaim!

Who,

Who, when I on the brink of Ruin lay,
Sav'd me from him who would my Soul betray:
And now I know, tho' I no God would own,
The LORD is GOD, yea, He is GOD alone!

Ang. *Well,* said this heavenly Vision, with a pleased Countenance, *That you may never doubt any more of the Reality of Eternal Things, the End of my Coming to you, is to convince you of the Truth of them; not by Faith only, but by Sight also: For I will shew you such things as were never yet beheld by mortal Eye; and to that end, your Eyes shall be strengthned, and made fitting to behold immaterial Objects.*

At these surprizing Words of the *Angel*, I was much astonish'd, and doubted how I should be able to bear it; and said to him,

O my Lord, who is sufficient to bear such a Sight?

To which he replied, *The Joy of the Lord shall be your Strength.* And when he had said thus he took hold of me, and said, *Fear not, for I am sent to shew thee things thou hast not seen:* And before I was aware, I found my self far above the Earth; which seemed to me a very small and inconsiderable Ball, in comparison of that Region of Light, into which I was translated.

Then I said to my bright Conductor, O let it not offend my Lord, if I ask a Question or two of thee.

To which he answered, Speak on: It is my Work to inform thee of such things which thou shalt Enquire of me: For I am a Ministring Spirit, sent forth to Minister to thee, and to those that shall be Heirs of Salvation.

I then said, I would fain be inform'd what that dark Spot, so far below me, is; which grew less and less, as I was mounted higher and higher, and appears much darker, since I came into this Region of Light.

That little Spot, answered my Conductor, that now looks so dark and contemptible, is the World of which you were so lately an Inhabitant: Here you may see how little all that World appears, for a small part of which so many do unweariedly labour, and lay out all their Strength and Time to purchase it. This is that Spot of Earth that is Canton'd and Sub-divided into so many Kingdoms, to purchase one of which, so many horrid and nefandous Villanies, so many bloody and unnatural Murders have been committed: Yea, this is that Spot of Earth, to obtain one small part whereof, so many men have run the hazard of losing, nay, have actually lost their Precious and Immortal Souls; so Precious, that the Prince

of Peace has told us, *That though one man could gain the whole, it would not Countervail so great a loss.* And the great Reason of their Folly is, because they do not look to things above: For, as you well observ'd as you ascended nearer to this Region, the World appeared still less, and more contemptible; and so 'twill do to all, who can by Faith once get their Hearts above it. For could the Sons of Men below, but see the World just as it is; they would not covet it as they now do: But they, alas! are in a state of Darkness; and, which is worse, they love to walk therein. For though the Prince of Light came down amongst them, and plainly shew'd them the true Light of Life, (which, by his Ministers, he still continues) yet they go on in Darkness, and will not bring themselves unto the Light, because their Deeds are Evil.

Epenetus. I asked him further, What were those multitudes of black and horrid Forms, that hover in the Air above the World? Which I indeed should have been much afraid of, but that I saw as you past by, they fled; perhaps as not being able to abide that Brightness with which you are arrayed.

Ang. To this he answered me, They were the fallen and apostate Spirits, which for their Pride and Rebellion, were cast down

from Heaven; and wander in the Air, by the Decree of the Almighty, being bound in Chains of Darkneſs, and kept unto the Judgment of the great Day. And from thence they are permitted to deſcend into the World, both for the Tryal of the Elect, and for the Condemnation of the Wicked. And though you now ſee they have black and horrid Forms, yet were they once the Sons of Light, and were arrayed in Robes of Glorious Brightneſs, like what you ſee we wear. The loſs of which, though 'twas the effect of their own wilful Sin, fills them with Rage and Malice againſt the ever-bleſſed God whoſe Power and Majeſty they fear and hate: But having loſt their Innocence and Glory, they fly thoſe Spirits that have kept their Station, and ſtill continue their Obedience to their Great Creator; in which they are confirmed by the bleſſed Son of God.

Epen. But tell me, ſaid I, O my happy Conductor, Have they no hopes of being Reconciled to God again, after ſome Term of Time, or at leaſt ſome of them?

Ang No, not at all, ſaid he, they are loſt for ever: They were the firſt that ſinned, and had no Tempter: And they were all at once caſt down from Heaven. Beſides, the Son of God, the Bleſſed *Meſſiah*, by whom alone Salvation can be had, took not

upon

upon him the Angelick Nature, but left the Apostate Angels all to perish, and only took upon himself the Seed of *Abraham*. And for this Reason they have so much Malice against the Sons of Men, whom 'tis a Torment to 'em to see made Heirs of Heaven whilst they are doom'd to Hell.

By this time we were got above the Sun, whose vast and glorious Body, above an hundred Times far greater than the Earth, moved round the great Expanse, wherein 'twas placed, with such a mighty Swiftness, that to relate it, 'twould appear incredible: But my Conductor told me, this mighty immense hanging Globe of Fire, was one of the great Works of God, and of so swift a motion, it moved above a hundred thousand Miles in that small space of time, we call an Hour. And yet it always keeps its constant Course, and never has the least Irregularity in its Diurnal, or its Annual Motion: And so exceeding Glorious in its Body, that had not my Visive Faculty been greatly strengthned, I could not have beheld it: Nor were those mighty Globes of Fires, we call the fixed Stars, less wonderful; whose vast and extream height, ten thousand Leagues, at least, above the Sun, makes them appear like Candles in our sight, though every one of them exceeds in magnitude the Body of the Earth: And should but one of those vast

Bodies fall, 'twould burn the World to Cinders in a moment: And yet they hang within their Sphears without any Support, in a pure Sea of *Æther*, so thin, and of so great Tenuity, that nothing but his Word, that first created them, could keep them in their Station. —

Epenet. These Wonders are enough, said I to my Conductor, to Convince any one of the great Power of their much more adorable Creator; and of the Blackness of that Infidelity, that can call in question the Being of a Deity, who has given the whole World so many and bright Evidences of his Power and Glory; that were not Men like Beasts, still looking downward, they could not but acknowledge his great Power and Wisdom.

Angle. You speak what is true, replyed he, but you shall see far greater things than these: These all are but the Scaffolds and the Outworks to that Glorious Building wherein the Blessed above inhabit, *that House not made with Hand, Eternal in the Heavens*: A View of which (as far as you are capable to comprehend it) shall now be given you.

Viſions of Heaven,

AND

The Glory thereof.

WHAT I had been told by my Conductor, I found good in a few Moments; for I was preſently Tranſlated into the glorious Manſions of the Bleſſed; and ſaw ſuch Things it is impoſſible to repreſent, and heard that raviſhing melodious Harmony that I can never utter: Well therefore might the Beloved Apoſtle St. *John* tell us in his Epiſtle, *Now are we the Sons of God*; and it does not yet appear what we ſhall be! Whoever has not ſeen that Glory, can ſpeak but very imperfectly of it; and they that have, can't tell the Thouſandth part of what it is: And therefore the great Apoſtle of the Gentiles, who tells us he had been caught up into *Paradiſe*, where he had heard unſpeakable Words, which is not poſſible for a

Man to utter, gives us no other Account of it; but that *Eye has not seen, nor Ear has not heard, nor has it enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive the things that GOD has laid up for those that love him.* But I will give you the best Account I can of what I saw and heard; and of the Discourses I had with some of the Blessed, as near as I can remember.

When I was first brought near this glorious Palace, I saw innumerable Hosts of bright Attendants, who welcomed me into that blissful Seat of Happiness, having in all the Countenances an Air of perfect Joy, and of the highest Satisfaction. And there I saw that perfect and unapproachable Light, that assimulates all things into its own Nature; for even the Souls of the glorified Saints are Transparent and Diaphanous. Neither are they enlightned by the Sun, or any created Luminaries; but all that Light, that flows with so much transparent Brightness throughout those Heavenly Mansions, is nothing else but Emanations of the Divine Glory, in comparison of which the Light of the Sun is but Darkness. And all the Lustre of the most sparkling Diamonds, the Fire of Carbuncles, Saphires and Rubies, and the Orient Brightness of the Richest Pearls, are but like dead Coals in comparison of its Glory: and therefore called, *The Throne of the God of Glory*, wherein the radiant Lustre of the Divine

Majesty is revealed in the most Illustrious manner.

The Ineffable Deity, exalted on the high Throne of his Glory, receiving the Adorations of Myriads of Angles and Saints, singing forth Eternal Hallelujahs and Praises to him, was to bright an Object for Mortality to view. Well may he therefore be called *The God of Glory*, for by his glorious Presence he makes Heaven what it is. There being Rivers of Pleasure perpetually springing from the Divine Presence, and Conciliating Chearfulness, Joy and Splendor, to all the blessed Inhabitants of Heaven, the Place of his happy Residence, and Seat of his Eternal Empire; wherein the Divine Majesty diffuses the richest Beams of his Goodness and Glory; and in which his chosen Saints and Servants see and Praise his for-ever adorable Excellencies.

For my own part, my visive Faculty was so far too weak to bear the least Transucid Ray shot from that Everlasting Spring of Light and Glory which sat upon the Throne, that I was forced to cry to my Conductor, The Sight of so much Glory is to great for frail Mortality to bear: Yet is it so refreshing and delightful, that I would fain behold it, though I die!

Ang. No, no, said my Conductor, Death enters not within this Blessed Place: Here

Life and Immortality reſide; nor Sin nor Sorrow here have ought to do: For 'tis the Glory of this happy Place to be for ever freed from all that is Evil; and without that Exemption, our Bleſſedneſs even here would be imperfect.——But come along with me, and I will bring thee to one that's in the Body, as thou art; with him converſe a while, till I diſpatch another Miniſtration, and then I'll reconduct thee back again.

Epen. O rather, *ſaid I with ſome Eagerneſs*, let me ſtay here: For here is no need of building Tabernacles; the Heavenly Manſions are here ready fitted.

To which my Shining Meſſenger replied, Here in a while thou ſhalt be fix'd for ever; but the Divine Will firſt muſt be obeyed.——

Swift as a Thought, he preſently conveyed me, through Thouſands of thoſe bright and winged Spirits, and then preſented me to that illuſtrious Saint, the great *Elijah*, who Tabernacled in the World below ſo many hundred Ages paſt and gone; and yet, methought, I knew him at firſt ſight, as well as if we had been Contemporaries.

Ang. Here's one (*ſaid my Conductor to* Elijah) who by Commiſſion from the Imperial Throne has been permitted to ſurvey theſe Realms of Light; and I have brought him hither,

hither to learn from thee wherein its Glory and its Happiness consists.

Elijah. That, *says the Prophet,* I shall gladly do; for 'tis our Meat and Drink in these blessed Regions, to do the Will of God and of the Lamp, to sing his Praise, and serve him with the humblest Adoration, saying, *Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power, be unto Him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamp for ever and ever: For he has redeemed us to God by his Blood, out of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation, and made us unto our God Kings and Priests. Even so* Amen. And I likewise added my *Amen,* to that of the holy Prophet. ——

The Prophet then enquired of me, on what account this great Permission and Privilege was given to me? (By which I understand the Saints in Heaven are ignorant of what is done on Earth; how then can *Prayers* be directed to 'em?)

I then rehearsed what I have here set down by way of Introduction: At which the holy Prophet broke forth into this Exclamation.

Elijah. *Glory for ever be ascribed to him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb, for his unbounded Goodness, and great Condescension to the Weakness of a poor doubting Sinner.* —— After which he said, Now give Attention to

what

what I ſhall ſpeak. And then he thus began:

Elijah. What you have ſeen and heard already, I am ſure you never can relate, ſo as to make it underſtood: For it is beyond what Eye hath ſeen, or Ear hath heard, or what the Heart of Man is able to conceive; I mean of thoſe not yet tranſlated to this glorious State, nor freed from their groſs Elemental Bodies: Nor is my being in the Body here, any Objection to what I now aſſert; for though it han't been ſubject to the common Lot of Mortals, Death; yet has it ſuffer'd ſuch a Change, as has been in ſome ſenſe Equivalent thereto; for it is made both Spiritual and Impaſſible; and is now no more capable of any farther ſuffering, than thoſe bleſſed Angels are, that compaſs round the Throne: And yet in this conſummate State of Happineſs, I cannot utter all that I enjoy; nor do I know what ſhall be yet enjoy'd, for here our Happineſs is always new.

Epenet. I then requeſted of the Bleſſed Prophet a little to Explain himſelf, becauſe I underſtood not how Happineſs could be conſummate, and yet admit of new Additions. For in the World below, we generally think that what is conſummate, is compleatly finiſhed. I humbly hope, *ſaid I*, what I ſhall ſay, may not be taken as the effect of a vain Curioſity, but that my Underſtanding may be

cultivated, which yet retains but dark Ideas of these Heavenly Things.

Elijah. To satisfie your doubting Soul, and to confirm your wavering Faith, is the chief Reason of your being brought hither, through the Permission of the great Three-One; and therefore I would have you still, as any Doubt arises in your Breast, to make it known. —— But as to that which you object, that Happiness cannot be consummate, and yet admit of new Additions, I must tell you, That when the Soul and Body both are happy, as mine now are, I count it a consummate State of Happiness: For through all the innumerable Ages of Eternity, it is the Soul and Body joyned together in the Blessed Resurrection-state, that shall be continued Subject of this Happiness. But in respect of the blessed Object of it, which is the Ever-Adorable and Blessed God, in whose Beatifical Vision this Happiness consists, it is for Ever New: For the Divine Perfections being infinite, nothing less than Eternity can be sufficient to display their Glory; which makes our Happiness Eternally admit of new Additions; and by a necessary Consequence our Knowledge of it shall be Eternally Progressive too. —— And therefore it was not without Reason that the great Apostle of the Gentiles, (who, in the Days of his Mortality, was once admitted hither as you are) affirmed

affirmed, *Eye hath not seen, nor hath Ear heard, nor can it enter into the Heart of Man, to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him.* And yet the Eye hath seen many admirable things in Nature; it hath seen Mountains of Chrystal, and Rocks of Diamonds, it hath seen Mines of Gold, and Coasts of Pearl, and Spicy Islands; and yet the Eye, that hath seen so many Wonders in the World below, could never pry into the Glories of this Triumphant State. And though the Ear of Man hath heard many delightful and harmonious Sounds, even all that Art and Nature could supply him with; yet have they never heard the Heavenly Melody which here both Saints and Angels make before the Throne. And as the Eye han't seen nor Ear heard, so neither can the Heart of Man conceive them; and yet the Heart of Man (the chiefest Work of the Allwise Creator in that Microcosm) is of so fine and curious a Composure, that it can almost conceive any thing that either is, or was, or ever shall be, in the World below; yea, what shall never be. Man can conceive, that every Stone on Earth shall be turned into the most Orient Pearls, and every Blade of Grass into the Brightest and most shining Jewels: He can conceive, that every Particle of Dust shall be turned into Silver, and the whole Earth into a Mass of pure refined Gold:

Gold; He can conceive the Air to be turn'd into Chrystal, and every Star advanced into a Sun; and every Sun a thousand times more large and glorious than what they now behold it: And yet this is infinitely short of what the high Eternal Majesty (who is incomprehensible in all his Works of Wonder) hath here prepared for all his faithful Followers

But that you may retain *(added the Prophet)* the best Idea of our Happiness, I here will briefly represent unto you (for Ages spent in this delightful Theme, would scarce suffice to tell it you at large) what 'tis those blessed Souls, who through the glorious Purchase of our bright Redeemer, are brought hither, are here deliver'd from: And for your better understanding it, I shall endeavour to conform my Words to your Capacity, by the comparing things that are here above, to what you know below, although your Eyes have told you how infinitely Heavenly Things transcend whatever can be found on Earth. And in the second place, I shall represent (as far as your Capacity will bear it) what is that Happiness the Blessed here enjoy.

First then, The Souls of all the Blessed here, are freed for ever, from whatsoever 'tis can make them miserable; the chief of which, you are not Ignorant, is Sin:

'Tis

'Tis only that, which brings the Creature into Misery, and intails it on him: The blessed God, at first, made all things happy; all like himself, who is supremely so; and had not Sin defaced the Beauty of Heaven's Workmanship, Angels nor Men had never known what is meant by Misery: 'Twas Sin threw the Apostate Angels down to Hell, and spoil'd the Beauty of the lower World: 'Twas Sin defaced God's Image in Man's Soul, and made the Lord of the Creation a Slave to his own Lust; and by so doing, plunges himself into an Ocean of Eternal Misery, from whence there's no Redemption: And sure 'tis an unvaluable Mercy, that in this happy Place, all the Inhabitants are freed, for ever freed from Sin through the Blood of our Redeeming JESUS: *To whom Blessing, Honour, Power, Glory, and Eternal Praises, be ascribed for ever.* Below, the best and holiest Souls groan underneath the Burthen of Corruption: Sin cleaves to all they do, and leads 'em captive oft times against their Wills: *Who shall deliver me*, has been the Cry of many of GOD's faithful Servants, who at the same time have been dear to JESUS. Sin is the heavy Clog of Saints themselves, while they are Embodied in corrupted flesh: And therefore when they lay their Bodies down, their Souls are like a Bird loosed from its Cage, and with an Heavenly

Vigour

Vigour mount up to this bleſſed Region, triumphing over Sin, with which below they ſtill maintain'd a Combat. But here their Warfare's at an end, and *Death is ſwallowed up in Victory.* Here their bright Souls, that were below deformed and ſtained by Sin, are by the Ever-bleſſed JESUS, preſented to the Eternal Father, *without Spot or Wrinkle.*

But Secondly, As here the bleſſed Souls are freed from Sin, ſo are they likewiſe from all Occaſions of it; which is a great Addition to our Happineſs. *Adam* himſelf in Paradiſe, tho' he was in his firſt Creation perfectly Innocent, and free from Sin, yet was he not freed from Temptations to it, which was his great Unhappineſs: Satan got into Paradiſe to tempt him, and he too fatally yielded to his Temptations: He eat of the forbidden Fruit, and fell; and by his Fall, the Human Nature, and conſequently his Poſterity, are all corrupted: Sin, like a Gangreen, having eat into the Human Nature, and corrupted all Mankind. And that Corruption, which every Mortal harbours in his Breaſt, is a moſt dangerous, and oft-times prevailing Tempter. But here each bleſſed Soul is likewiſe freed from this: No Devil here can tempt them, nor no Corruption enter; nothing but what is pure and holy can find Admiſſion here. No ſly

Suggeſtions from that Apoſtate Spirit can moleſt us here: That Roaring Lion, that below is in a conſtant Motion, ſtill traverſing the Earth, and ſeeking whom he may devour, is, with reſpect to us in this bleſſed Region of Life and Immortality, bound faſt in Everlaſting Chains, and ſhut up ſafe in an Infernal Priſon, doom'd to the Vengeance of Eternal Fire. Nor ſhall the World, (which by the Fall of Man has loſt its Beauty, and is degenerated into a Shop of Emptineſs and Vanity, and does by its bewitching Charms, and falſe Allurements, draw Thouſands to Perdition) be any more a Tempter to thoſe bleſſed Souls who have through Faith and Patience, overcome its Wiles, and arrived ſafely here. As ſtrong as its Temptations and Allurements are to Saints themſelves, who are ſtill Militating with it in the World below, we that are here poſſeſſed of Heavenly Manſions, look with Contempt on all Terene Enjoyments: We here are got above the World, and all that it can tempt us with; and through the Blood of our Triumphing JESUS, have got the Victory over it, as thoſe bright Palms we bear do Evidence. There is nothing here that can diſturb our Peace, but an Eternal Calm crowns all our Happineſs, being freed from Sin, and all Temptations to it. And as a Conſequence hereof

Thirdly

Thirdly, We here are freed from the Effects of Sin, and that is Punishment; which those that are confined to the dark Regions of Eternal Misery are ever groaning under, as that which they cannot bear, and yet as that which they must ever suffer, It was Sin that usher'd Death into the World below, and by Heavens high Decree, is the just Wages of it, as every Mortal finds: But through the Conquest of the Prince of Life, the Lamb of GOD, slain from the World's Foundation, who by his dying overcame both Death, and him that had the Power thereof, the Devil, triumphing over Sin, and Death, and Hell; Sin, Death, and Hell are banished hence for ever: For which Eternal Songs of Praise and Triumph are ever rendered to his Holy Name.

These are the Things (*continued the great Prophet*) we are in this blessed state delivered from; and yet these make up but the least part of the Happiness of Heaven: Our Joys are positive, as well as privative: And what those are, I now proceed to shew you.

I. We here enjoy the *Beatifick Vision*, the Blessed Spring and Eternal Source of all our Happiness: But what this is, I can no more declare, than finite Creatures comprehend Infinity; only we find that it continually irradiates our Understandings, and fills our Souls with Joy unspeakable and full of Glory;

and with a Love so flaming, that nothing but the blessed Author of it can satisfie: nor not Eternity it self can terminate: 'Tis the reflecting Brightness of the Divine Presence, and transcendently Glorious Emanations of his Goodness, that is the Life of our Lives, the Soul of our Souls, and the Heaven of Heaven; and that which makes us live, and love, and sing, and Praise for ever; and which transforms our Souls into his blessed Likeness. The Saints below, whilst they are travelling towards this blessed Country, are in their Pilgrimage supported by his Everlasting Arms, by which they are enabled to go from Grace to Grace: But we that are safe Landed on the Haven of Eternal Happiness, *are changed from Glory unto Glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord.* But to bring things nearer to your Understanding; By this beholding of God's Face, we have a real Participation and Enjoyment of his Love, and his blessed Smiles makes glad our Souls, and in his Favour we rejoyce continually; *for in his Favour is Life.* And then by this blessed Vision of God, we come to know him above whatever any did below; for it is a sight of him that irradiates our Understandings, and *gives as the Light of the Knowledge of the Glory of God, in the Face of Jesus Christ:* So that though it be impossible to comprehend the Divine Majesty, (for *who can find out*

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the Almighty to Perfection?) yet we have here a perfect apprehension of his Nature and Divine Attributes.

II. We have here not only the *Beatifick Vision*, whereby we see God as he is; but we have a real Enjoyment and Fruition of him; and thereby come to be united to him, and to live in him, and he in us. Whereby we come to be Partakers of the Divine Nature, which shines forth in us with a resplendent Brightness. In the World below, the Saints do indeed enjoy God in his Ordinances; but here we all enjoy him Face to Face: Below, the Saints enjoy God in Measure, but here we enjoy him without Measure: There they have some Sips of his Goodness, but here we have large Draughts thereof, and swim in the boundless Ocean of Happiness: Below the Saints Communion with God is many times broken off, and discontinued; but here we have an uninterrupted Enjoyment of God, without Intermission or Cessation.

III. Here we enjoy the Perfection of all Grace: In the World below, the Saints see but in part, and know but in part; but here, that which is perfect being enjoy'd, that which is imperfect is done away. Below, Love is mixt with Fear, *and Fear hath Torment*; but here, Love is perfect; and *perfect Love casteth out Fear*: Here we love the

bleſſed God more than our ſelves, and one another like our ſelves: We here are all the Children of one Father, and all our Brethren are alike dear unto us. Below, our Love was ſtill divided, and run in ſeveral Channels, but here our Love has but one Stream, and centers in the ever-bleſſed GOD, the Fountain of our Happineſs. Our Knowledge likewiſe in the World below was very imperfect, ſeeing but darkly, as through a broken *Mirror*; but here we ſee God as he is, and ſo come to know him as we are known. Our Joy is likewiſe here in its Perfection; in the World below it was interrupted by Sorrow and Sighing; and it was neceſſarily ſo, for where there is Sin, there will be Sorrow: But here, all Sin (the Cauſe of Sorrow) being done away, all Sorrow (the effect of Sin) ſhall likewiſe ceaſe: Nay, our very Sorrow for Sin, when upon Earth, does (through the Bounty of our bleſſed Redeemer) give an Acceſſion to our Joy, now we are here.

IV. Here we have our Capacities enlarg'd, according to the Greatneſs of the Objects we have to contemplate; whilſt we were in the World below, no Light could ſhine into our Minds, but through the Windows of our Senſes, and therefore 'twas the bleſſed God was pleaſed to condeſcend to our Capacities, and to adapt the Expreſſions of his Majeſty to the Narrowneſs of our Imaginations:

But

But here, the Revelation of the Deity is much more glorious, and our Minds are clarified from all those Earthly Images, that flow through the gross Channels of the Senses. Below, our purest Conceptions of GOD were very imperfect; but here, the Gold is separated from the Dross, and our Conceptions are more proper and becoming the Simplicity and Purity of God. Below, the Objects of Glory were humbled to the Perceptions of Sense: But here, the sensible Faculties are raised and refined, and made the Subjects of Glory. Now therefore, that the Divine Light shines with direct Beams, and the thick Curtains of Flesh are spiritualized and transparent, the Soul enjoys the clearest Vision of God. We now see, what we before believed of the glorious Nature of the Ever-blessed GOD, his Decrees and Counsels, his Providence and Dispensations. We here clearly see, that from Eternity GOD was sole Existing, but not Solitary; and that the Godhead is neither confused in Unity, nor divided in Number; that there is a Priority of Order, but no Superiority among the Sacred Persons of the ineffable Trinity, but that they are equally possest of the same Divine Excellencies, and the same Divine Empire, and are equally the Object of the same Divine Adoration. Those *Ways of God*, that seem'd below unsearchable, and

that we thought unlawful to enquire into, we here perceive to be the Product of Divine Wiſdom, with ſo much Perſpicuity and Clearneſs, that Truth it ſelf is not more evident.

Theſe things (*added the Prophet in a different Tone*) are ſome of thoſe that conſtitute our Happineſs.

Yet all theſe things are only what relates unto our Souls: But ſtill the Happineſs of the Inhabitants of this bleſſed Region is not compleat, until their Bodies are raiſed, and re-united to their Souls; in which, through the Divine Munificence, my ſelf and the bleſſed *Enoch*, do enjoy a more peculiar Preference, being tranſlated hither in the Body, as Types both to the *Anti* and *Poſt Diluvian* World of the Reſurrection of the Ever-adorable Son of GOD, and of all the Saints through him. Now becauſe none but the great *Meſſiah* has been actually raiſed from the Dead, he being the firſt Fruits thereof, (for, as for *Enoch* and my ſelf, our Bodies have not known Death, though they have received a Change equivalent thereto) it is therefore more difficult to declare what the Reſurrection-ſtate ſhall be, it being to be diſcern'd in its Perfection, only from his Glorious Body, to which neither that of *Enoch*'s nor mine are comparable, in reſpect of the Glory thereof, tho' both are

Spiritual

Spiritual Bodies. Of which I will now shew you the distinct Properties.

I. The Bodies of the Blessed here, at the Resurrection, shall be (as mine is now) *Spiritual Bodies*; and by your not only seeing, but touching me, *(at which Word the holy Prophet was pleased to give me his Hand)* you may be the better able to know what I mean by a Spiritual Body: That is, a Body rarified from all gross Allays of Corruption, and made a pure and a refined Body and yet a substantial One; not composed of Wind and Air, as Mortals below are apt too grosly to imagine.

Epenet. Here I intreated the holy Prophet to bear with me, if I acquainted him, that I always understood Spiritual as opposed to Material, and consequently that a Spiritual Body must be Immaterial, and so not capable of being felt, as I found his was.

Elijah. To this the Prophet replied, That their Bodies were Spiritual, not only as they were purify'd from all Corruption, but as they were sustain'd by the Enjoyment of God, without any materal Refreshments, as Meat, Drink, Sleep, and Raiment, which was the support of our Bodies below. Have you not read *(said the Prophet)* that the blessed Jesus, after his Resurrection, appeared in his Body to his Disciples, when they were met together in a Chamber, and the Doors shut about

them? Which plainly evinces the Tenuity thereof; and yet he call'd to St. *Thomas* to *come and reach his hand, and thrust it into his side*, which shew it as plainly to be substantial. The *Beatifick Vision* is here what both our Souls and Bodies live upon, and are supported by for ever.

II. Our Bodies in the Resurrection-state *shall be Immortal*, and uncapable of dying: Below, their Bodies are all Mortal, Dying and Perishing, and subject to be crumbled into Dust every Moment: But here our Bodies will be Incorruptible, and freed from Death for ever; for *our Corruption here shall put on Incorruption, and our Mortality be swallowed up of Life.*

Epen. Here I desired the Prophet to bear with me a little, whilst I gave him an account of my own Notions in this matter.

Elijah. Say on, for I am ready to resolve your Doubt.

Epen. I have learnt, *said I*, in the holy Scriptures, that Immortality is an Attribute that belongs to God only, and not to Men, especially to the Bodies of Men, which every Day's Experience tells us are Mortal. Therefore St. *Paul* tells *Timothy*, That *God* ONLY *hath Immortality.*

Elijah. When I say the Bodies of the Blessed here are *Immortal*, I intended it of Bodies in their raised State, that then they are subject

ſubject unto Death no more: Man in his corruptible State is Mortal, and ſubject unto Death: And there is nothing more evident to all that dwell in the World below, and even the Bodies of all thoſe glorified Souls that are here, are at this time kept under the Power of Death. But at the Reſurrection-ſtate, when they ſhall be raiſed up again, they ſhall then be Immortal. And as to what you urge from the Scripture, that the bleſſed *God has* ONLY *Immortality*, it is very true; he is moſt Eminently and Eſſentially ſo; whereas there is no Creature, either Angels or Man, that can in that ſtrict Senſe be ſaid to be ſo. We are Immortal through his Grace and Favour, but God is Immortal in his Eſſence, and has been ſo from all Eternity; and in that ſenſe may well be ſaid ONLY *to have Immortality*. And therefore it will not be amiſs for you to obſerve, That whatever the bleſſed God is, he is Eminently and Eſſentially ſo; in which reſpect, 'tis likewiſe ſaid of Him, That *He only is Holy!* and *there is none Good but God*, none Righteous, nor none Merciful but He: To whom be Bleſſing, and Glory, and Honour, and Praiſe, for ever and for evermore.

Epen. I have one thing more to be ſatisfy'd in, and that is, That ſeeing there is only your ſelf and the Prophet *Enoch* that are permitted in the Body to be here, which

you are pleas'd to ſay have ſuffered a Change equivalent to Death, but died not; what aſſurance have you that the Bodies of the Bleſſed that are now under the Power of Death ſhall be raiſed again? For I ſee they are glorioufly bleſſed and happy without their Bodies, and ſeem not to have any Occaſion for them, they having been long ſince periſhed and rotted in their Graves: The greateſt thing that I think can be ſaid for it, is, That the ever bleſſed Jeſus, the ſpotleſs Lamb of God, who was truly and really dead, is now alive, *and lives for evermore.*

Elijah. To this the Prophet, interrupting me, reply'd, What greater Proof can you deſire than this?

Epen. What I have to ſay to that, is, That the Body of the bleſſed Jeſus never ſaw Corruption; and that there is no Inſtance of any Body that ever ſaw Corruption, that was yet rais'd to Life and Immortality.

Elijah. To this the Prophet again anſwered, That tho' 'twas true, there had been no ſuch Inſtance, yet was the Reſurrection of the Body, as ſure as the preſent Glorification of the Soul; for as the bleſſed Jeſus dy'd as a publick Perſon, ſo did he alſo riſe again; and therefore is ſaid to be *the firſt Fruits from the Dead*: He is the

Head

Head of the Church, and cannot be compleat without his Body, who in their Order ſhall be raiſed up to be with him for ever. The Body ſhall be awak'd out of its dead Sleep, and as I was a ſaying, quicken'd into a glorious immortal Life: The Body is an eſſential part of Man, as well as the Soul; and tho' the Inequality be great in their holy Operations, yet their Concurrence is neceſſary: Good Actions in the World below, were indeed deſign'd by the Counſel and Reſolution of the Soul, but perform'd by the Miniſtry of the Body: And every Grace expreſſes it ſelf in viſible Actions thereby. In the Sorrows of Repentance, Tears were ſupplied by the bodily Eyes; and in Thankſgiving, the Tongue was uſed to break forth in the Praiſes of God: And all the Victories over Pleaſure and Pain below, were obtain'd by the Soul in Conjunction with the Body. And can you think, *(ſaid the Prophet)* that the Divine Goodneſs will deal ſo differently with them, that the Soul ſhould be everlaſtingly Happy, and the Body be loſt in Forgetfulneſs? The one Glorified in Heaven, the other remain in the Duſt? From their firſt ſetting out in the World below to the Grave they both ran the ſame Race, and therefore ſhall enjoy the ſame Reward. When the Crown of Righteouſneſs and Glory ſhall be given to the Bleſſed at the great Day in the

View

View of all, both Soul and Body shall partake of the Honour thereof. And this (*added the Prophet*) is, I believe, enough to satisfie your Doubt, as to the Resurrection of the Body.

Epen. To which I reply'd, That I had nothing further to object in that particular. ——And then desired him to go on in describing the Glory of the Body in the Resurrection-state.

Upon which the Prophet thus proceeded:

Elijah. I have already told you, That the Bodies of the Blessed shall be Immortal; but cannot for all that be so Immortal as God is, who is so Eminently and Essentially so, that, as you well observ'd, he is said ONLY *to have Immortality*; nor yet are they Immortal in the same Sense as are the blessed Angels, who being Immaterial Substances, are so created; whereas Man was created Mortal, and has his Immortality through the Purchase of the blessed JESUS, and Renovation of the Divine Image. Nor is the Immortality thus purchas'd for us, like that of the Apostate Spirits, who are Immortal too; but 'tis with such an Immortality, as brings along with it a greater Weight of Misery. Their Immortality is such a Curse as makes them wish a thousand thousand times that they might be annihilated: But that blessed Immortality which we enjoy, is that which is the Happiness of Heaven, and therefore rightly

rightly stiled, a *Glorious Immortality*, and gives us an Assurance, that the Happiness we now enjoy, we shall enjoy for ever.

III. Another Happiness the Bodies of the Blessed here enjoy, is, *That they are Impassible*, and so are made incapable of Sufferings: Below, the Saints themselves have oftentimes their Bodies made so many Shops of Misery; or like an Hospital, full of Diseases, which are the common Harbingers of Death; or when they are not so, are something worse than it; the Pains and Infirmities of their Bodies being such, as oftentimes makes Death much more desirable than such a Life. How many times are even good Men wrack'd with the Gout, or tortur'd by the Stone, with most exquisite and cruciating Pain? So that tho' they abound in the Fulness of all those things, that Mortals count the Blessings of the Life below, yet are they thereby all imbitter'd to them by those tormenting Pains which have seiz'd upon their Bodies. And where this is not, but Men have healthy, strong and vigorous Bodies, they often meet with other Sufferings; and are exposed to Hunger, Thirst, Cold and Nakedness; which renders their Lives very much uncomfortable: There, many times, they are shut up in Prisons, immur'd between Stone Walls, and are as it were buried while they are alive, and are as Men forgotten in the World.

All

All which considered, must needs render their Bodies miserable while below.

But in this happy Regions there's no such Evils can attack 'em; here their Condition is extreamly different; no Curse can enter here, and such are all those things I have related, as being only the Effects of Sin. My Body is uncapable of Suffering any Evil, either of Sin or Sorrow; but on the contrary, through the Grace of the blessed Son of God, is now become a Receptacle both of Light and Glory, and so shall all the Bodies of the Saints be likewise in their Resurrection-state. Which leads me to declare the Fourth Endowment, with which our Bodies shall be ever blessed

IV. Another Happiness our Bodies shall enjoy in the blessed Resurrection-state, is, That *they shall be truly Beautiful.* And this is none of our least Privileges. For below, our Bodies are but vile Bodies, tending to Corruption; in the Grave, Worms gnaw and feed upon their Flesh, and thence proceeds a loathsome Savour; at the best, they are but Houses of Clay, and their Foundation is in the Dust: But here it shall be otherwise; for the Bodies of the Saints shall be freed from innocent Infirmities, that were inseparable from *Adam* in Paradise, whose Soul united to the Body was the Fountain of the Natural Sensitive Life, which being

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in a perpetual Flux, there was a Neceſſity of continual Repairs to preſerve his Life in Vigour: Whereas in this bleſſed State, the Body ſhall be Spiritual in its Qualities, and the Principle of its Life ſupported by the Supernatural Power of the Spirit, without outward Nouriſhment; and not only ſo, but a ſubſtantial and unfading Glory ſhall ſhine in them, infinitely above the periſhing Pride of this World, and the Glory of the Fleſh; and be made like unto the Glorious Body of Chriſt, who will change our vile Bodies, that they may be faſhioned like his glorious Body; and this he will do, according to the working of that mighty Power, whereby he is able to ſubdue all things to himſelf: This Tranſcendent Beauty which he will put upon the Body, ſhall be the Work of his own Hands; and where Omnipotence interpoſes, nothing is difficult. For the Beautifying of a raiſed Body, and putting it into an Immortal State of Glory, is as eaſie to the Divine Power, as the firſt framing it in the Womb.

V. Another part of our Happineſs is, That *our Bodies ſhall be agile Bodies*, and move with an inconceiveable Swiftneſs; our Bodies, while below, are lumpiſh and heavy, and are as clogs to the Soul; but in the raiſed State it ſhall be otherways: Our Bodies ſhall be like the Chariots of *Aminadab*, and move

move far ſwifter than the Winged Fowls in the Areal Heavens.

VI. Another thing in which our Happineſs will very much conſiſt, is, That *our Bodies then (as mine is now) ſhall be all pure*; and this is an exceeding Privilege; for though they ſhould have all the other fore-mentioned Qualities, and be Immortal, Spiritual, Impaſſible, Beautiful and Swift, yet if they ſtill were Sinful, it would blemiſh all the reſt, and would even ſpoil the Happineſs we here enjoy in Heaven, if Sin could enter here. But 'tis far otherwiſe; our Glory is, that here our very Bodies ſhall be pure, and have no Spot of Sin at all upon them. Below, indeed the Bodies of the Saints are clogg'd with Sin, and fetter'd with Temptations, which makes 'em to cry out, *O wretched Man! who ſhall deliver me from this Body of Death?* But here they ſhall enjoy that bleſſed Redemption of their Bodies, which they wait for there.

VII. And to conclude, The *Bodies of the Saints ſhall*, in their Reſurrection ſtate *be glorious Bodies*; ſo glorious, that they ſhall have a near Reſemblance to the glorious Body of our bleſſed Redeemer. And this the Divine Oracles inform us, as alſo how it ſhall be wrought: The Glorious Lamb of GOD, the bleſſed Jeſus, He 'tis *ſhall change our vile* and corruptible *Bodies, and*

make

make 'em like to his own glorious Body; 'Tis by his Power that the Saints Bodies, that by their being turned into Corruption, *are sown in* such *Dishonour*, *shall be raised in Glory*; and in that blessed Resurrection-state, *shall shine more brightly than the Sun in this Triumphant Kingdom of their Father.*

And thus, my Son, *said the great Prophet to me*, have I inform'd thee briefly, wherein the Glory and the Happiness of this blessed State, we here enjoy, consists. Not that herein I have said the thousand part of that, which might be further still related; nor could you understand it, if I should. For there are some things here that we enjoy, like the *white Stone*, and the *new Name*, *which no One knows, but He that does receive it.*

Epen. The holy Prophet having made an end, I humbly thank'd him for the Information he had given me: And told him, that though I was uncapable (cloath'd as I was, with such a Lump of unrefined Flesh) to understand all I had heard, or utter what I saw, yet I had seen and heard enough for ever to convince me both of the Excellency and Reality of Heavenly Things: Which in the World below, so many question, and so few believe. —— But let it not offend my Lord, *said I to the Prophet*, if I desire yet further to be resolv'd in some few things.

Elijah.

Elijah. Speak, and I will endeavour to give you Satisfaction.

Epen. The first thing, said I, I would humbly ask, is, How the Blessed here, which are but Creatures, tho' thus Glorified, and therefore finite still, can have so perfect an Idea of the Incomprehensible and Infinite Three-One, to know him *so as we our selves are known*, as you before affirmed, or else it was my Weakness to misunderstand you so?

Elijah. In saying so, I did affirm no more than what the sacred Oracles contain: For the Apostle of the Gentiles, speaking in the Days of his Flesh to them that then inhabited the World below, told them, *they then saw through a Glass but darkly*; but that in these bright Regions *they should see him Face to Face*; that then himself *knew but in part*, but that when he was once got hither, he should *know him even as he was known.* But, my Son, said the Prophet, These Words are not to be understood according to the Exactness of the Expression; for the Sun that lights the lower World, may as well be included in a small Spark of Fire, as the Incomprehensible and Infinite God may be comprehended by our finite Faculties: For beyond the fullest Discoveries we can possibly make of the Deity, there remains still an intire Infinity of Perfections, the Knowledge whereof

whereof is altogether unattainable by the moſt intelligent of all thoſe glorious Spirits, that are the bright and the continual Attendants of the Throne: And therefore that Expreſſion, *As we are known*, which gave you ſo juſt an Occaſion to enquire into the Senſe of it, is to be taken as a Note of *Similitude*, and not of *Equality*: The dim Light of a Candle as truly ſhines as the bright Luminary of the Day; but not with the ſame Extent and Splendor. And therefore the Sum of what I can ſay to this Point, is, That we have here as perfect a Knowledge of the bleſſed God, as Created Beings are capable of Receiving, or our own Hearts of Deſiring.

Epenet. I then returned my humble Thanks to the great Prophet, and aſſured him, his Anſwer had intirely ſatisfied me, and that I found 'twas only the deficiency of my own Underſtanding that had given him that Trouble.

Elijah. Still you miſtake the State that I am in, *replyed the Prophet*; for there is no ſuch thing as Trouble here, nor can there be. For the diffuſing of the Knowledge of the ever-bleſſed God, and ſetting forth his bright Eternal Excellencies, and the diſplaying of his Glory, is that which gives the Bleſſed here the greateſt Satisfaction and Delight; and which will ever do ſo, throughout the numerous Ages of Eternity.

Epen.

Epen. Then, with an Air of greater Confidence, I told the holy Prophet, I had another Queſtion yet to ask him.

Elijah. Say on, and I will anſwer you.

Epen. I ſaw among the many bleſſed Souls I paſſed by, as my bright Meſſenger conveyed me to you, ſome that appear'd to me to ſhine with greater Brightneſs than the other; which gave me a deſire to be informed, whether or no there be not among the Bleſſed different Degrees of Glory.

Elijah. The Happineſs and Glory which all the Bleſſed here enjoy, is the Reſult of their Communion with, and Love unto, the Ever-bleſſed God, whoſe *Beatifical Viſion* here, as I have ſaid before, is the Eternal Spring from whence it flows: The more we ſee, the more we love; and Love aſſimulates our Souls into the Nature of the bleſſed Object of it; and thence reſults our Glory. This needs muſt therefore make a difference in the Degrees thereof: Not as though there were any want of Love to God, in any of the Bleſſed here, for that's impoſſible: There's not one Soul amongſt the numerous Inhabitants of this bright Region, but what adores and loves the ever-bleſſed God with all his utmoſt Powers and Faculties. But then it follows, That as thoſe Powers and Faculties are different, their Love muſt be ſo too, and ſo their Glory.

Nor

Nor is there any murmuring or repining in one, to see another's Glory much greater than his own; but God is thereby magnified the more, as the Eternal Source of all their Happiness. Nor can there be room for a Thought to think it otherwise: Who can complain, when all the Faculties of each blessed Soul is so repleniſhed with the bright Emanations of the Deity, that it can hold no more? The ever-blessed God is an unbounded Ocean of Light and Life, and Joy and Happiness, still filling every Vessel that is put therein, till it can hold no more; and tho' the Vessels are of several sizes, whilst each are filled, there's none that can complain. Besides, each blessed Soul is here wrought up, not only to an Acquiescence, but even to such a Satisfaction and Complacency in the divine good Pleasure, that all their Happiness consists therein. Thus, though the Stars below are each one glorious, yet since they are of different Magnitudes, *one Star exceeds another Star in Glory*; and so, as the Divine Oracles inform you, it shall be in the Resurrection-state. My Answer therefore to your Question, is, That those who have the most enlarged Faculties, do love God most, and are thereby assimulated most into his Likeness, which is the highest Glory Heaven can give. Nor let this seem strange to you, for even amongst God's flaming

flaming Miniſters, the bleſſed Angels, there are diverſities of Orders, and different Degrees of Glory. And theſe Perhaps were ſome of thoſe you ſaw, as you paſt hither.

Whilſt I was thus diſcourſing with the holy Prophet, and with delight heard the Solution of thoſe Doubts that I deſired to be reſolv'd in, a ſhining Form approach'd me, ſaying, *How! Epenetus here.*

I was ſupprized to here my Name thus mentioned, and turning ſuddenly about, I ſoon perceived it was the Noble *Junius*, my late deceaſed Friend; who thus accoſted me.

Jun. Dear *Epenetus*, I am glad to ſee you in theſe bleſſed Regions; but am ſurprized to ſee you here not yet diveſted of Mortality: Inſtruct me, Friend, by what means you came hither, and alſo how 'twas you obtained this Privilege; for the Unuſualneſs of ſuch a thing, is that which makes me ſo inquiſitive.

Epen. I was ſo over-joy'd to ſee one of my old Acquaintance, and one with whom I had been ſo familiar in the World, that I eſſayed to embrace him in my Arms; which he refuſed, telling me mildly, He had ſome time ago laid down his Body, which he had left below, reſting in hope until the Reſurrection; and that though he was ſtill indeed a

Subſtance,

Substance, yet 'twas a immaterial one, not to be touch'd by Mortal.

But how come you, (said he again more earnestly) to be brought hither in your Mortal and Unchanged Body.

Epen. I then related to him what I before had spoken to *Elijah*, and told at large in the prefixed Introduction to this Vision, of my Temptation and Deliverance.

Jun. Well, *Epenetus*, said the Noble *Junius*, I see then there was need enough of such a Lecture as I gave order to be set on foot in the poor World below, after my Death. to Evidence the Being of a Deity, against a sort of Men, far worse than those in Hell, who both believe the Being of a GOD, and tremble at his Justice. But you, my Friend, *continued he*, that had so long made a Profession of his Truth, and had such great Experience of his Goodness, that you should after all be brought to question his Being and Existence, was indeed something more than ordinary; and what I hardly could have ever thought; and gives me fresh Occasion, to adore the ever-blessed God, who through his abundant Goodness has now deliver'd me from all those Snares the Enemy of Souls was laying for me; and thus preser-

ved me to his Heavenly Kingdom: Bleſſed for ever be his holy Name.

The bleſſed *Elijah* having heard what my Friend *Junius* ſaid, told me, he now would leave me to my Friend; and e're I was aware, the Prophet winged away. Who having left us, I addreſſed myſelf thus to my Noble Friend,

Epen. I could not doubt, ſaid I, my deareſt *Junius*, but that thou wert one of the bleſſed Inhabitants of this happy Region; for ſuch a bright and flaming Zeal, as that which in the World made thee ſo Eminent, muſt needs meet with a ſuitable Reward,

Jun. O *Epenetus*, anſwered he, wert thou but once diveſted of Mortality, thou would'ſt have other Thoughts than what thou haſt: Thou would'ſt then ſee how infinitely ſhort they fall of meriting the leaſt Reward, that in the World below have done their utmoſt; and that 'tis only Grace, free and unmerited, that brings the Soul to Glory. For Heaven is purchaſed at no other Price, than that of the Redeemer's Precious Blood: Whoſe Dying Love, and whoſe Redeeming Mercy, is ſo unſpeakably, ſo vaſtly great, Eternity will ſcarce ſuffice to utter it.

Epen. Well, ſaid I, worthy *Junius*—

Jun. Call me not worthy (ſaid he interrupting

rupting me) for none are worthy here, but He that sits upon the Throne, and the blessed Lamb of God: And to ascribe all Glory unto him, is here a great part of our Happiness; for there are Myriads of Saints and Angels round the Throne, continually crying with a loud, but yet melodious Voice, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.* No, no, (continued he) my *Epenetus*, Here's no ascribing any thing to Creatures: Here they that wear the brightest Crowns cast them before the Throne, saying, *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive Glory; and Honour and Power.*

Epen. Dear *Junius*, bear with me, said I, a little, because I am still clogg'd with Mortality: O that I were but once divested of it! That I with thee might see the great *Three-One*, and seeing be transformed into his Likeness, which (as I have heard the blessed *Elijah* tell) is the Completion of all Happiness.

Jun. My dear *Epenetus*, (replied *Junius*, with an Air compos'd of Love and Sweetness) The *Beatifick Vision* is that which does indeed compleat our Happiness, and fills our Souls with Love and Joy that is inexpressible; and which is only known by them that feel it. But you must know, my

Epenetus, the ſtrongeſt and the moſt enlarged Faculties of all the bright Intelligences here, can bear but little of thoſe radiant Effluxes of Divine Glory, they are ſo overcoming: For there is no Compariſon between the moſt Capacious of Created Beings, and the Ineffable Glory of the Great Creator.

Epen. O Noble *Junius*, I replyed, I readily believe what you have ſaid: But yet methinks I am willing to know all I can, of that which I can never know enough of. And ſince I know there is nothing more delightful, than to be always exerciſed in the diſplaying of the Glory of the great Author of your Happineſs; deny not dear-eſt *Junius*, to your Friend (for ſuch you know I ever was and am) the Satisfaction of hearing from your Lips, the mighty Wonders of Divineſt Love; that I may joyn with you to ſing his Praiſe: Diſplay thoſe Myſteries of his Providence, which to the World below are all *Ænigma*'s, but to your now enlarged Underſtanding, are ſeen in their true Light.

Jun. The Praiſes of the divine Majeſty, O my dear *Epenetus*, will be the mighty Subject of our Song through all the Ages of Eternity; in which both Saints and Angels join together, and make up one great Chorus. —— And therefore that

which

which you have ask'd of me, I'll gladly undertake. That you may see, by that which he has done, that he alone is worthy of your Love, and of those Praises we ascribe unto him. For the most ardent Love of all the blessed Saints and Angels here, is nothing else but the Reflection of his Love to us: For he that lay in LOVE's own Bosom, tells us, *We Love him, because he first loved us.* Since therefore, my dear *Epenetus*, the Love of God to us, is the Foundation of our Love to him, Let me present you first with an Idea of his Love to us, and the Advantages that we receive thereby, which are so very many, they are past reckoning up, the mighty Sum exceeding all Arithmetick can count. —— But that I may, as you were intimating, set things in a true Light, I will first shew you how much we owe his Love and Goodness, for all his free and undeserved Favours vouchsafed to us in the World below. — And therefore to begin:

First, In the World below, we ow'd unto his Goodness no less than all the Goods we were possess'd of: All that we were, and all that we enjoy'd was wholly owing to him: *For it was he that made us, and not we our selves*: And we were in his Hands so like the Clay that is in the Potters, he might have made us any other Creatures.

Nay more, we were so much that Negative from whence we were extracted, that had he pleased, he might for ever have left us to that first Nothing from whence we had our Being. Needs must his Love then be the first and original Fountain-Blessing; all other Blessings being but as Conduit-Pipes, by which he does convey his Love unto us; and he that sees not that thro' all, is blind. Perhaps a Man gets an Applause by his Wisdom, and through his Industry he heaps up Treasures; but was it not from GOD he had that Wisdom? And did not he both give and prosper all his boasted Industry? Sure God as much gave us all we enjoy'd, as he that gives a Beggar a thousand Pound, gives him his Food and Raiment, and all that thousand Pounds can help him to, and which he had been otherways without.

Secondly, But then, besides all these more obvious Presents of his Bounty, there are many things which in the World below we were deliver'd from, that do as much inchance the Value of the Divine Goodness to us; which, although perhaps less conspicuous, are no less pris'd by those below, whom want of them makes sensible of their true Value. Should I, my *Epenetus*, but lead your Thoughts unto the Gallies,

Gallies, and ſhew you there thoſe wretched Captives that lie chain'd unto their Oars, expoſed to all the Miſeries and Hardſhips of a Tempeſtous Sea; and yet do, through the Barbarous Uſage that they meet with on the Shore, leſs fear the Ocean, than any Port, ſave Death: Or ſhould I draw the Curtains of Sick and Dying Men, and open to you that ſad Scene of Sorrow, on which ſo many Pine and Languiſh by Diſtempers, ſo very grievous to be born, that Death is rather to be choſe than Life: Or ſhould I bring you to the Hoſpitals, and ſhew you there the various Shapes of Human Miſeries; wou'd you not, my dear *Epenetus*, think it a Mercy worth acknowledging, to be delivered from 'em? And ought we not to priſe that Divine Goodneſs, who has thus made us differ, and freed us from thoſe various ſorts of Miſeries to which ſo many Mortals are expoſed: Not but ſometimes his Wiſdom ſees it meet to Exerciſe his own beloved Children with long-continued Sickneſs and ſharp Pains, and other outward great Calamities: But this, my *Epenetus*, is ſtill a further Evidence of Love, and that he might preſerve them from the far worſe Contagion of their Sins, or cure them of the Evil Habits which they had contracted. Have you not ſeen, my *Epenetus*, (when in the

World below) a tender Mother apply a painful Cauſtick to the Neck of her beloved Infant, when threatned with an Apoplexy? And have you not concluded from it, ſhe thinks the trouble of an Iſſue an inferior Evil to Convulſion-Fits? So when we ſee the Ever-bleſſed GOD, our Heavenly Father, does ſend Infirmities and Croſſes, to reſcue thoſe he loves from under Sins Dominion, we ſafely may conclude, he thinks Affliction a far leſs Evil than the Guilt of Sin; ſince he is too wiſe and too indulgent a Phyſician, to cure with ſuch a Remedy as ſhall be worſe than the Diſeaſe.

You may remember, *Epenetus*, That God by *Moſes* gives the *Iſraelites* a Caution, leſt Proſperity (which is ſo apt to make Men forget all but their Enjoyments) ſhould make any of them ſay in their Hearts, *My Power, and the Might of my Hand hath gotten me this Wealth*; but on the contrary, commands them to *Remember the Lord their God, for it is He that gives them Power to get Wealth.* And there was need enough of ſuch a Caution; for we were too apt to forget that *God gave us our Corn, and our Wine, and our Oil.*——But,

Thirdly, The Divine Goodneſs exceedingly recommends the Advantageouſneſs of his Love to us, in that whilſt we were

Below,

Below, he gave us ſo great an Earneſt of Spiritual Goods, and of expected Joys, that made even that Earneſt large enough to ſubſiſt upon with Comfort, and which really out-valu'd and far tranſcended all thoſe Momentary Pleaſures it required us to forſake, to keep up a Title to Eternal Ones.——

But though the Mercies that the ever-bleſſed God beſtowed upon us in the Life below, where both ſo many and ſo great, as made it a fit Theme to Praiſe him for in Heaven; yet is his Love of a more laſting Date than any thing that's in the lower World: It does not with our Bodies, nor like (the uſual Cuſtom of) our Friends below, accompany us to our Graves, and leaves us: No, *Epenetus*, God's Love appears moſt bright, when our dark Eyes are cloſed; and then cleaves cloſeſt to the Soul, when ſhe forſakes the Body; giving each bleſſed Saint that arrives here, good ground to ſay of him, what *Naomi* did once of *Boaz*, That *he hath not left off his Kindneſs to the Living and the Dead.* And therefore, *Now indeed* (ſays our great Saviour's happy Favourite) *are we the Sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we ſhall be: But we know, when he ſhall appear, we ſhall be like him.* And what that is, is now my preſent Theme.

It is the Love of GOD, the ever-bleſſed GOD, my *Epenetus*, that gives us this Admiſſion into Heaven: Heaven the bright Seat of ſo much Happineſs, that we here ſcarcely count amongſt our Joys, that Heaven is the Seat of them. And here the Excellency of the Things that we poſſeſs, does as much diſappoint our Expectations, as in Fruitions in the World below, the Emptineſs is wont to do. For you have already heard the Apoſtle tell us, *Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear heard, neither hath enter'd into the Heart of Man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.* And now, my *Epenetus*, our own Experience tells us ſo: Thoſe pure refined Delights, that we enjoy, not only ſtoop not unto Senſe, but are ſublime enough even to tranſcend Imagination. For whatſoever our Fancy formed below, as the moſt perfect Idea's, and moſt abſtracted Notions of compleat Happineſs, our own more happy Experience of greater, plainly Evince, came ſhort of what we find. Heaven is a Soil, whoſe Fruitfulneſs is ſo confined to Joy, that even our Diſappointments and Miſtakes, when in the World below, do here contribute to our Happineſs, which does ſo much partake of his Immenſity, whoſe Gift it is, that even the Sacred Oracles themſelves give but a Negative Deſcription of it;

and

and does not only remove our Thoughts from all that we enjoy'd below, but does exalt 'em above what ever we could fancy there. Nor will you wonder, *Epenetus*, that it ſhould be ſo, if you will but conſider, that here our Faculties are not only gratify'd with ſuitable and acceptable Objects, but are ſo heightned and enlarged, that our Capacities are both increaſed and filled. You know, that in the World below, a Child not yet releaſed out of the homely Priſon of the Womb, can there have no Idea's of thoſe Delights, which by the pleaſing Noiſes and the glittering Objects that will preſent themſelves to him after his Birth, will be afforded him. And the ſame Child, whilſt he continues in his Non-age, tho' he may with delight look upon Emblems finely drawn and painted, yet he can't imagine what Pleaſure the ſame Objects will afford him, when Age and Study ſhall have ripen'd his Intellectuals, and made him capable of Underſtanding the Excellent Moralities couch'd in thoſe curious Emblems. Such a double Advantage, *Epenetus*, among others, the Admiſſion into theſe ſacred Manſions, brings to all thoſe to whom that Bleſſing is vouchſafed. For beſides that Set of Objects, if I may ſo ſpeak, ſo new and ſo peculiar to this Place, that their Idea's could never once

enter

enter into their Thoughts before they were admitted hither; beſides this, our now enlarg'd Capacities enable us, even in Objects not altogether unknown to us before, to perceive things formerly undiſcern'd, and derive thence both new and greater Satisfaction and Delight.

Wonder not, my *Epenetus*, that in deſcribing of theſe Glorious Things, I uſe Expreſſions you have not heretofore been uſed to hear; ſince my bright Theme is more above our Praiſes, than this bleſſed Region is above the Earth. For though my Language may ſeem Tumid and Aſpiring, yet ſeeming Hyperbolies may well be uſed in the Deſcription of Felicities, which makes the moſt Hyperbolies but ſeeming ones: For the Joys of Heaven appear (like what the Stars do to the World below, by reaſon of their Remoteneſs from them) extreamly little; though really in themſelves they are ſo vaſt, that a leſs than the largeſt is much greater than the biggeſt Object upon Earth; nay, than the whole Earth it ſelf. And therefore, *Epenetus*, I endeavour (conſidering you are ſtill cloath'd with Mortality) to give you an account of Heavenly Things, by Repreſentations tranſcending what they appear to you, that I may thereby give you Notions leſs inferior to what they truly are.

For

For here, my *Epenetus*, the Blessed enjoy Happiness enough to rectifie all those mistaken Notions we had form'd to our selves of it, below: We are instructed here both how to Name and Rate all the Felicity which we possess, which is made up of the Confluences of Perfection, and Perpetuity of all true Joys: Being made happy, (unlike to what Philosophy pretends to do) not by the Confinement, but full Fruition of our utmost Desires, which neither fail in the Choice of their Objects, nor miss in the Enjoyment of them; but are unerringly Just, and infallibly Accomplish'd. Here we not only see, but are made like those blessed Saints we in the World below so much admir'd. Those Spirits of Just Men made perfect, of which the Divine Oracles have told us, are here our constant and familiar Company, into whose blessed Society we are not only welcome, but increase it. Here likewise we behold those Glorious Spirits, whose Nature does invest them with so bright a Lustre, that all the Disadvantage their Disguises gave 'em, when they appear'd to us below, would scarce suffice to hinder us from making them the Objects of our Adoration.

But above all, We here behold, my *Epenetus*, (a Sight worthy the Dying for) that Blessed LAMB of GOD, slain from the World's

World's Foundation in the Divine Decree, that Glorious SAVIOUR, of whom the Scriptures does ſo much and excellently entertain us; and who having done and ſuffer'd ſo much for us, does ſo highly deſerve of us, both upon the ſcore of his infinite Perfections, and upon the account of his ineſtimable Benefits. Yes *Epenetus*, here we behold that holy and divine Perſon, who, when he did vouchſafe to pitch his Tent among the Sons of Men below, and dwell with them on Earth, thereby to fit 'em by his Merits and Example to dwell with Him in Heaven, did in ſo admirable a manner mix an *awful Majeſty* with an *humble Meekneſs*, and the aſſum'd *Infirmities* of his *Human Nature* with the *Corruſcations* of his *Divine*; expreſſing in his whole Life ſo Perfect and Exemplary a Vertue, with ſo much Sweetneſs and Gentleneſs towards thoſe that were Aſpirers to it, though they came moſt ſhort of it, that even the *Jews* themſelves could ſay of him, *That he had done all things well*: Nay more; his very Enemies, that were Employed to apprehend him as a Malefactor, confeſs'd to thoſe that ſent 'em ſo to do, That *never Man ſpoke like him.* But there, my *Epenetus*, this bleſſed Son of God was in the form of a Servant, which he put on, that he might ſuffer for us, and exerciſe his Prieſtly and Prophetick

Prophetick Function in the World below: But here we see him in that Regal State and Condition that belongs to him, by Vertue of his Kingly Office, on the account whereof he is stiled, *The King of Kings and Lord of Lords*, all Power and Authority being invested in him, both in Heaven and Earth, encompassed with such radiant Majesty and shining Splendor, that we may well esteem him, what the great Evangelick Prophet long since called him, THE ADMIRABLE. For here our ravish'd Souls by an attentive Contemplation of his Glories, still find more Cause to imitate the Spouse in *Solomon*'s Mystick *Epithalamium*, who having dwelt upon the Beauty of the several Excellencies that concurr'd to the accomplishing the Divine Bridegroom, breaks out into this *Epiphonema*, *He is altogether Lovely!* His sparkling Eyes appear, in his exalted Glory on the Throne, (what the beloved Disciple long since represented them) like *Flames* of active *Fire*, and does into the ravish'd Breasts of the Beholders, shoot Flames as Pure, as Holy, and as Deathless, as what the Seraphims themselves consists of. And surely, *Epenetus*, since the Divine Oracles do assure us, as I have said already, *It never enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive what God has here reserved for those that love him*; that

Glory

Glory can be but imperfectly expreſſed by the bare Epithet of *Inconceiveable*, with which the bleſſed God rewards the meritorious Sufferings and Obedience of the *only begotten Son of his Love*, for whoſe ſake he is pleaſed to confer on all the numerous Company of his Elect, ſuch unimaginable Glories. He that vouchſafes unto ſo many of his Servants a *Brightneſs*, like that of the *Stars*, you cannot but think, *Epenetus*, does communicate a far more radiant Luſtre to the SON of RIGHTEOUSNESS; although your preſent Mortal State denies you to behold the Brightneſs of his Glory.

But all this glorious Greatneſs of our bleſſed Redeemer, does yet not make his Kindneſs leſs Familiar, but only more Obliging: for he diſdains not, even after his Aſcenſion hither, to ſay, *Behold I ſtand at the Door and Knock; if any Man here my Voice, and open the Door, I will come in to him, and will ſup with him, and he with me.* And that King in the Parable, by whom our bleſſed Lord is repreſented, is pleaſed himſelf to welcome each individual truſty Servant, with a peculiar, *Well done good and faithful Servant.*

Wonder not, *Epenetus*, that I ſeem ſo ſolicitous to give you an account of the high Dignity and ſuper-Eminent Felicity of our Exalted

Exalted Saviour, and that I have endeavour'd thus to let you know, that the bright Sun of Righteousness is now uncapable of suffering Eclipses, but shines with an uncloudded and unequall'd Splendor; and that I *now see Jesus, who* (as the Author to the *Hebrews* speaks) *was made a little lower than the Angels, Crowned with Glory and Honour.* For it makes Heaven to be more Heaven to to me, to find him Reigning here, who suffer'd so much for me in the World below. And our Redeemer's Happiness which is so great, and so ineffable brings an Increase to ours, according to the Ardency of our Love to him. Nay further, *Epenetus*, let me add, That tho' our Joys are here so great, they do not need endearing Circumstances, yet does it make our Happiness more happy, as 'tis a Proof of our Redeemer's Love, than as it is a Donative of his Bounty.

If it was matter of Rejoycing to the disgrac'd Apostles, that they were counted worthy to suffer Shame for his Name; how much, think you, is their Joy, now they are admitted to reign with him? his having supported the Hardships and Toils, to which the afflicted Condition of our Mortality was expos'd, did so much alleviate them, and refresh us under them, that even in this Sense also it might be truly

said,

ſaid, *The Chaſtiſement of our Peace was upon him, and by his Hurts we were healed.*

But can you think, *Epenetus*, that he that has reliev'd us even by his Croſs, does not do more for us by his Crown? Here he not only does admit, but even does invite each faithful Servant to no leſs a Bleſſing than to enter into his Maſter's Joy. So rich a Source of Happineſs did Chriſt make himſelf to us, in all his Capacities and Conditions, that in Earth, and Heaven, it was and is his gracious and conſtant Employment, to ſhare our Griefs, or to impart to us his Joys; and either leſſen our Miſeries by his Sufferings, or increaſe our Happineſs by his Felicity.

Having thus treated of the Happineſs of thoſe Cœleſtial Manſions, reſulting from the Beatifick Sight of our Redeeming Lord, the Crown of all our Bleſſedneſs, I now proceed to tell you, *Epenetus*, what you perhaps may have obſerved already, That here we do not only ſee our Elder Brother, *Chriſt*, but alſo our *Friends*, *Kindred* and *Relations*, that in the World below lived in his Fear, and died in his Favour; which is a large Addition to our Happineſs. Nor do we only know our Friends, Relations and Contemporaries, but all the Saints that lived in all the Ages of the World. Thus though *Elijah* (whom I found diſcourſing with

with you) lived in the World below long time before the bleſſed *Meſſiah* was made Fleſh, yet you no ſooner ſaw, than you ſtraight knew him; and ſo you will do *Adam* alſo, when you ſee him. Nor can I think this a New Notion to you, ſince you might long ago have learnt it from the Sacred Oracles: Our bleſſed Saviour himſelf having told us, not only that *the Children of the Reſurrection ſhall be like the Angels*, (who in the Viſions both of the Prophet *Daniel*, and the Apoſtle *John*, appear to be acquainted with each other) but alſo in the Parable of the miſerable Rich Man and the happy Beggar, the Father of the Faithful is repreſented as knowing not only the Perſon and preſent Condition, but alſo the paſt Story of *Lazarus*: And the Apoſtle of the Gentiles did (when in the World below) expect his Converted and Pious *Theſſalonians* to be his Crown, at that great Day, when the having turn'd many to Righteouſneſs, ſhall (as the beloved *Daniel* tells us) *conſer a Star-like and Immortal Brightneſs*: And I am ſure, my *Epenetus*, you have often read of the Tranſfiguration of the bleſſed Redeemer in the holy Mount, where *Moſes* and *Elijah* were diſcourſing with him; and then you can't forget how readily the three Diſciples knew 'em: This was no other but a Type of

Heaven,

Heaven, where all the Saints are known to one another. Think you our Knowledge here is leſs than that which *Adam* had in his firſt State of Innocence? And yet you know that *Adam* knew *Eve* his Wife when ſhe was firſt brought to him, and told her, ſhe was *Bone of his Bone, and Fleſh of his Fleſh.*——— But what need further Inſtance? Your own Experience has already told you that 'tis ſo: And were you but diveſted of Mortality, as in few Days you will, you'll find it with far greater Evidence.

But let me ſhew you, my dear *Epenetus*, the great Advantage that the Knowledge of each other here, does bring to all the Bleſſed.

Here 'tis the Bleſſed dwell in an uninterrupted perfect Union and Communion with God and with each other; but without Knowledge, can be no Agreement; and without Agreement, no Communion; and where there's no Communion, there's no Happineſs: So that to think we did not know each other here, would be to think us ſhort of Happineſs. Here, *Epenetus*, the General Aſſembly of the Firſt-Born, as they receive their Happineſs from the bright Viſion of the Ever-bleſſed God, ſo they communicate the pureſt Pleaſure to each other, an unfeigned ardent Love uniting all that pure Society. On Earth, our Love was kindled either

either from ſome Natural Relation, or other Civil Tye; or elſe on the account of ſome viſible Excellencies, that render a Perſon worthy of our Choice and Friendſhip: But here, our Reaſons are far greater, and the Degrees of Love incomparably more fervent: For in this Supernatural State, all carnal Alliances and Reſpects do ceaſe. The bleſſed Apoſtle, even when on Earth, told us, *If he had known Chriſt after the Fleſh, he knew him ſo no more.* For by the Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of our bleſſed Lord, he was tranſported into another World, and had Communion with him as an Heavenly King, without low regards to the Temporal Priviledge of Converſing with him on Earth. Our ſpiritual Relation is more near and permanent then the ſtricteſt Band of Nature. Here we have all relation to the ſame Heavenly Father, and unto Jeſus Chriſt the Prince of Peace, and Head of our happy Fraternity. The principal Motives of Love, even on Earth, are the inherent Excellencies of a Perſon. Wiſdom, Holineſs, Goodneſs, Fidelity, are mighty Attractives to Affection, and produce a more intimate Confederacy of Souls, than Propinquity in Nature, or any other Carnal Reſpects. Vertue is amiable in an Old Perſon, though wrinkled and deformed; and Vice is hateful in a Young Perſon,

Perſon, tho' beautiful. And you have ſeen on Earth, my *Epenetus*, clearer Eyes than thoſe of Fleſh, a purer Light than what is Senſible, a diviner Beauty than what is Corporeal, and a nobler Love than what is Senſual; which made the Royal Prophet declare, *That all his delight was in the Excellent.* But even Spiritual Love has its Allays below. For there are Relicks of Frailty in the beſt of Men there, and ſome Blemiſhes that render them leſs amiable. But here the Image of GOD is compleat, by the Union of all the glorious Vertues requiſite to its Perfection; and every bleſſed Soul agrees exactly with the firſt Exemplar; a Divine Beauty ſhines in them, ever durable; a Beauty that darts no Contagious Fires; a Beauty that's inviolable, and cannot ſuffer Injury.

The true Worth of the Saints below is very little viſible, the leaſt part of it being ſeen:- The Earth is fruitful in its Plants and Flowers, but its Riches are in Mines of Precious Metal, and Veins of Marble hidden in its Boſom. True Grace appears in ſenſible Actions; but its Glory is within. But here their Excellencies are in open View, the Glory of the Bleſſed GOD is revealed in them: And ah! how attractive is the Divine Likeneſs to an holy Eye! How does it raviſh me to ſee my Fellow-

Saints

Saints shining with an Immortal Loveliness! And there Love is reciprocal, proportionable to the Cause of it. An equal constant Flame is here preserv'd by pure Materials. Here every one is perfectly Amiable, and perfectly Enamour'd with each other. And O how happy is this State of Love! Well might the *Psalmist* break out into that Rapture, *Behold, how good and pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity!* Had he then seen that happy Union which he now here enjoys with all the faithful Ones. Love is the Beauty and the Strength of all Societies, and the great Pleasure of our Lives below. How Excellent then must the Joy be of the Blessed here; who witness the Accomplishment of what our Saviour pray'd for, when on Earth! *That they may be One, as thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be One in Us.* The blessed GOD is absolutely One in his glorious Nature and Will, and therefore is unalterably Happy; and the inviolable Unity of the Saints Love, is a bright Ray of the Essential Unity between the Sacred Persons. Here Love effectively transforms one Soul into another, and makes the Glory of each Saint redound to the Joy of all. Such is the Power of this Cœlestial Fire, where we burn, it melts and mixes Souls in such

an

an intire Union, that by Complaiſance and an intimate Joy, the Bleſſedneſs of All is, as it were proper to every one, as if every one were plac'd in the Hearts of All, and All in the Heart of every One. And ſure where there is Love like this, all needs muſt be Delight. And how can it be otherwiſe? ſince in this bleſſed Society, there's a continual Receiving and Returning of Love and Joy, with mutual Reciprocations of Endearment; and their Converſation and Intercourſe is Raviſhing. Think, *Epenetus*, what an Entertainment of Love and Joy there is, in the Preſence and Diſcourſes of dear Friends below; how do their mutual Aſpect, like a Chain compos'd of Spirits luminous and active, faſten and draw their Souls to one another? And though their be no Friendſhip on the Earth without Allays, yet the Felicity of Love conſiſteth in their Converſation. But whatſoever is Commendable in Friendſhip, is in Perfection here: And whatſoever is an Allay, occaſion'd by Mens Folly or their Weakneſs, is all aboliſh'd here. The Bleſſed here with overflowing of Affection, recount the Divine Benefits; and all thoſe admirable Methods, whereby the Life of Grace was firſt began, preſerv'd, and carry'd on, amidſt Temptations; the Succceſſion of Mercies, in the

the time of our Hopes, and the Consummation of all, in this time of our Enjoyment. Have you not yet heard, *Epenetus*, the Melody both Saints and Angels make about the Throne? And how they all concur in their Thanksgivings to God, for making of them Reasonable Creatures, such as are capable both of Loving and Enjoying Him; when they might have been of the lowest Order in the whole Sphere of Beings: For his compassionate Care and Providence over them in the World: But especially for his sovereign and singular Mercy, in Electing them to be Vessels of Honour; and for his powerful Grace, in rescuing them from the cruel and ignominious Bondage of Sin: For his free Love, that Justified them from all their Guilt, by the Death of his only Son, and has now Glorified them with himself. We are never weary, *Epenetus*, of this delightful Exercise, but continually bless him for his Mercy that endures for ever. Yea, the winged Cherubims and Seraphims about the Throne, cry one to another, to express their Zeal and Joy, in celebrating his Eternal Purity and Power, and the Glory of his Goodness. And O how unspeakable is the Pleasure of this Consort! Every Soul being Harmonious, and contributing his Part to

the full Muſick of Heaven. O could the World below but hear the Eccho of thoſe Songs wherewith the Heavens above reſound, thoſe Songs wherewith the Saints do here triumph, in the juſt Praiſe and ſolemn Adoration of the King of Spirits, how would it inflame their Deſires to be join'd with them!

But beſides all that Happineſs that does here accrew to us, by the Knowledge of our Friends, Kindred and Relations, and that which does reſult from that Communion we have here with GOD, and with each other; it is to me, my *Epenetus*, a mighty Happineſs I here enjoy, in Underſtanding ſatisfactorily all thoſe deep and obſcure Myſteries of Religion, which the profoundeſt Rabbies of the World below were not aſham'd to own they could not fully comprehend; but after all the Toil and Induſtry of their moſt anxious Enquiries, were reduc'd to ſit down with the great Apoſtle, *Rom.* 11. 3. in Admiration of that Depth, whoſe Bottom they can never fathom. And I acknowledge that it is to me a mighty Pleaſure, that here I underſtand thoſe obſcure Paſſages of the ſacred Oracles which notwithſtanding all that bold Criticks and learned Expoſitors have attempted to Illuſtrate, do to the World below remain ſo ſtill: Nor can it well be otherwiſe,

wise, because they can't discern how exquisitely the several Parts of Scripture are fitted to the several Times, Persons, and Occurrences, wherein their all-fore-seeing Author intended most to use them; all which are obvious to us here; and consequently we discern a perfect Harmony between those Texts, that in the World below seem'd most at variance. Here, *Epenetus*, we have clearly Expounded to us those Riddles of Providence, which have but too often tempted even good Men upon Earth to question God's Conduct in the Government of the World; whilst the Calamities and Persecutions of Vertue and Innocence seem approv'd by him, who accumulates Prosperity on their criminal Opposers. Here we are thoroughly convinced, that all those seeming irregularities which the Heathens thought fit to impute to the giddy Whimsies of a Female Deity, are not only consistent with the Divine Justice and Goodness, but are Productions of it. And though such a Belief do, to intelligent Persons in the World below, seem a great piece of Self-denial, yet here it does appear as Reasonable, as there they find it Difficult. For *Bildad* (who was one of *Job's* well-meaning, but unkind Comforters) has told us long ago, *They that live upon Earth are but of yesterday, and know nothing,*

becauſe their Days there are but a Shadow: And the ſhortneſs of their Tranſitory Lives not permitting them to continue long enough Spectators there, to ſee above a Scene or two at moſt of that great Play acted by Mankind on the Stage of the World it's no wonder that they are apt to harbour ſiniſter Thoughts of the Contriver of a Plot, neither the Beginning nor End whereof they are acquainted with. But when once the whole of the Divine Conduct in the Adminiſtration of Things ſhall be diſclos'd, as here it is, all thoſe Revolutions and Occurrences of Empires, States, Families, and particular Perſons, which Mortals are ſo prone to quarrel with below, do here to us appear ſo juſt ſo requiſite and ſeaſonable, that thoſe very things that while we were on Earth tempted us to Deny GOD, do here engage us to Praiſe him: And indeed, we are not ſo properly Satisfied, as Raviſhed, with the Beauty of his Providence.

But, *Epenetus*, beſides this General Providence of God, of whoſe Adorable Wiſdom in the Conduct whereof I have been ſpeaking; we are here eſpecially tranſported with Wonder and Gratitude at thoſe Diſcoveries of the Divine Goodneſs, which he is pleas'd to make, of the Reaſons of his Diſpenſations towards each one in particular. O *Epenetus*, I have ſeen towards my

ſelf, not only the Neceſſity and Juſtice, but even the Mercifulneſs of thoſe very Afflictions that I once (when upon Earth) imputed to his Severity: And I am now fully convinced, no Stroke I met with in the World below, (and you can tell, my *Epenetus*, that there I met with many, as well as great Afflictions) either came ſooner, or fell heavier, or ſtaid longer, than the Occaſion that extorted it, exacted. And I am ſatisfied, my Hopes were never diſappointed, but to ſecure my Title to better things than what I hoped for. Nor was my Intereſt (or what at leaſt I thought then to be ſo) ever prejudiced, but when 'twas more to the Advantage of what was truly ſuch. Yes, *Epenetus*, all that unwelcome Darkneſs, that on Earth ſurrounded my Purblind Underſtanding, is now vaniſh'd, and did ſo at the firſt dawning of this bright Eternal Day; wherein the Reſolution of all thoſe Difficulties, which upon Earth not only exercis'd but diſtreſs'd my Faith, is granted to Reward it.

Here, *Epenetus*, (to draw to a Concluſion) we do not only converſe with Saints and Angels, but with that far more infinitely Glorious Deity, who made them what they are, without at all impoveriſhing Himſelf: Here we not only enjoy Heaven, but its Maker, God; and ſee Him as He is, who is

our All-in-All: Compriſing all the Goods we value in the Creatures, more eminently and fully, than the bright Luminary of the Day, excels the twinkling Tapers of the Night. For we are here ſo taken up with the Contemplation and Fruition of that Glorious Object, (in whoſe Infinity all Goods are both included and dilated) that Ages numberleſs, as are the Joys the *Beatifick Viſion* doth abound with, will ſcarce afford us leiſure for a diverſion to any other Pleaſures than thoſe it ſelf creates; which are ſo numerous and ſo intire, that we deſire nothing that we have not, except more Tongues to ſing more Praiſes to the bleſſed GOD, or a Capacity to pay him greater Thanks for what we have: And even thoſe Deſires does his gracious Acceptance make, in being but conceiv'd, accompliſh'd. For otherwiſe the Reſidents of theſe bright Manſions do ſcarce know any other Want, than that of Need to wiſh; the compleat Bleſſedneſs of our Condition, reducing us to a happy Uſefulneſs of Wiſhes, by giving us ſo full a Pre-poſſeſſion of all the Objects of Deſire. Here Time, like Fire, having deſtroy'd whatever it does prey on, does at laſt die it ſelf, and ſo goes out into Eternity. And here the Nature of our Joy is ſuch, that tho' after ſome Centuries of Years, they may ſeem to wax older,

older, by having been enjoy'd so many Ages, yet do they really still continue as welcome and as fresh, as at the first: 'Tis the peculiar Property of our Felicity; it Always is the same, yet Ever New. Weariness argues Imperfection, either in the Object, or the Appetite; the former of which is impossible in GOD, and the latter ceases here.

For our Felicity is here so great, there is no need of Variety to be a part of it: Or if it does admit Variety, 'tis such a one as consists only in the further Knowledge of its first Object, GOD; like that which may be seen on Earth in the diversified Refractions of the same sparkling Diamond. In GOD there is, if I may properly so speak, such an Identical Variety, that the Fruition of him both satisfies and creates Desires: Tho' That, without Satiety; and This without Disquiet. Other Delights do, like the Cloaths [illegible] usually were, grow stale, and quickly are worn out; whereas those Heavenly Pleasures we enjoy, participate of that Prerogative of the Garments of the *Israelites* in the Wilderness, not impairing by being used long: But as the Needle once touch'd with the Loadstone, would never uncompell'd forsake it; but after-Ages cling no less closely to it, than at the first moment of their Union: So do the

Bleſſed here, with the ſame undiminiſh'd Freſhneſs, ever poſſeſs their Joys, as if each Moment were the firſt that they poſſeſs'd them in. And if our Happineſs does not improve by our Enjoyments of it, it is perhaps becauſe the Greatneſs of it does render it uncapable of Increaſing: Or if our Pleaſures do admit Acceſſion, they alſo do receive it, from the aſſurance that we have that we ſhall taſte them ever, and perpetually repeat the ſame renew'd Fruitions, to an Eternity; endear'd by nothing more than by the quiet leiſure it does afford us undiſtractedly to employ it in Celebrating of *Jehovah*'s Praiſes; and in a Condition happier in that by it we are paſt Doing, than paſt Suffering I'll. In brief, Our Inexhauſted Joys are here ſo Numberleſs, and ſo Immenſe, that we ſhall Need (as well as) Have Eternity it ſelf to taſte them fully.

But I remember, *Epenetus*, you ſtill are in the Body, and may be tired with Hearing what I could be for ever a Relating; ſo vaſt is the Happineſs that I poſſeſs, and ſo great Pleaſures is there in relating it. I ſhall now therefore only further add one Property of our enjoy'd Happineſs; and that is, That the vaſt multitude of bleſſed Souls, that are Partakers of this Joy and Glory, does detract nothing from each private Share nor leſſen the Property each happy

happy Saint has in it in particular: This Ocean of Felicity being ſo Bottomleſs, that the innumerable Company of all the Saints and Angels never can exhauſt it: Nor is this ſtrange at all; for in the World below, which does conſiſt of many ſpacious Countries, and many of 'em divided by large Seas from one another, each ſeveral Nation does alike enjoy the Benefit of Light; nor is there any can complain that they enjoy it leſs, becauſe another does enjoy it too; but all enjoy its Benefit as fully, as if none elſe enjoy'd it but themſelves. Indeed there is this difference between the Sun of Righteouſneſs, and that which ſhines upon the World below, That whereas the Latter, by his Preſence, eclipſes all the Planets (his Attendants;) the Former, tho' radiant with a much greater Splendor, will by his Preſence impart it to his Saints; and ſo the great Apoſtle of the *Gentiles* does inform you, where he ſays, *When Chriſt, who is our Life, ſhall appear, then ſhall we appear alſo with him in Glory.*

It is the Language of each bleſſed Soul to his Redeemer, *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine.* For each have a peculiar claim unto him. And *David* (who when he liv'd on Earth, was ſo well Skill'd in ſinging Songs of Praiſe to his Redeemer) ſays of all them that put their Truſt in

God, *That he ſhall abundantly ſatisfie them with the Fatneſs of his Houſe, and make them drink of the River of his Pleaſures*: As if he meant to inſinuate, That as when a multitude of Perſons drink of the ſame River, none of them is able to exhauſt it, and yet each of them had the full liberty of drinking as much as he can, or as much as he could, tho' none but himſelf ſhould be allow'd to drink of it: So whoſoever enjoys God, enjoys him wholly; or at leaſt, enjoys him ſo intirely, in relation to his Capacity, that the Fruition of whatſoever reſts un-enjoy'd in God, is forbidden by the Immenſity of the Object, and not the Prepoſſeſſion of his Rivals.

Thus, *Epenetus*, I have given you a brief Account of our *Cœleſtial Canaan*: 'Tis not indeed the thouſandth part of that which might be ſaid; yet 'tis enough to let you ſee, it is a Land flowing with Milk and Honey: And may well enough ſerve to whet your Longing for a more Fruitive Experimental Knowledge of it; for none can fully know the Happineſs we here enjoy, until they come to be Partakers of it.

Epen. Junius having finiſh'd his Excellent Diſcourſe, I return'd him many Thanks; aſſuring him, that I was ſo far from being Tired with hearing it, that I was exceedingly Delighted,

Delighted, as well as Informed by it; and that I could not but be much pleas'd in hearing a Description of that Happiness, which, through the great Super-abounding Merits of my blessed Redeemer, I hoped in a short time to be Partakers of.——

Jun. To wait with Faith and Patience (replyed the happy *Junius*) until your Mortal Body be laid down, is what is now your Work: And then you'll know far more than I have told you. You'll hear, and see, and know things then after another rate than now you do. Your Ears a'nt fitted now to hear those Melodies that Saints and Angels make before the Throne, nor can your Tongue repeat those Songs of Praise which here the Blessed make continually. Your Eyes (tho' strengthned above those of other Mortals) can't yet behold the Brightness of the Glory that fills this happy Place, Though I must grant what you have seen, has given you more suitable Idea's of it, than all that dwell below, can make of Heavenly Things: Which is a Favour so great and inexpressible, that you have mighty Cause to magnifie his great exceeding Grace, through whose abundant Goodness you were admitted hither.

Epen. That blessed Work (said I) I never can begin to soon; and 'tis a Work I hope will never end, but be as lasting as the Cause

Cauſe of it. — But *Junius*, ſince I have had the happineſs of this Converſe with you, May I not alſo ſee my Mother here? (For I am ſure ſhe is among the Bleſſed) She early did inſtruct me in the Things of God, and caus'd me every Day to read the holy Scriptures; her Pious Exhortations firſt of all made me look after Heavenly and Eternal Things; and on her Dying Bed, gave me a Charge, (whatever others did) to ſerve the Lord: She I am ſure, would much rejoyce to ſee me in this Place.

Jun. Your Mother, *Epenetus*, is here indeed, and will, no doubt, Exult and Joy in God on your account, as ſhe continually does on her own: But in this happy Place, Worldly Relations ceaſe. Nor is there *Male and Female here, but all are like the Angels*; for Souls can't be diſtinguiſh'd into Sexes: And therefore all Relations here are ſwallowed up in GOD: However, ſhe whom you called *Mother* in the World below, you ſhall ſee preſently, — He had no ſooner ſpoke, but taking me by the Hand, far ſwifter than an Arrow from a Bow, we paſs'd by ſeveral ſhining Forms, cloath'd in the *Robes of Immortality*, who ſeem'd to wonder at me as I paſs'd 'em; which I thought was occaſioned by my being there in the poor Rags of frail Mortality. — But *Junius*, having brought me to my Mother,

Mother, (for ſo I thought her, tho' then I ſaw a ſhining Form) ſaid to me.

Jun. Farewel, my *Epenetus*, I have now done what you have deſir'd me: Your Guardian Angel will be with you ſtraight, and Re-conduct you to the World below: Where, when you come, remember that you do not ceaſe to Celebrate the mighty Wonders of Divineſt Love, who has ſo far indulg'd your Weakneſs, as to admit you hither, and with Corporeal Eyes to ſee the Immatereal Glories of the Bleſſed.

Epen. The Noble *Junius* having left me, I ſtraight drew near the ſhining Form that ſtood before me, who, compaſſed round with Rays of dazling Luſtre, appear'd extreamly Glorious: I hardly could behold her for the exceeding Brightneſs of her Countenance, or elſe it ſeem'd to me ſo, becauſe I look'd with more Intenſeneſs on her, than on *Elijah*, or the Noble *Junius*. But taking it for granted 'twas my Mother, I thus addreſſed her, *My deareſt Mother, I joy to ſee you cloathed in that bright Robe of Glory, as an Inhabitant of theſe bleſſed Realms of Light and Immortality.*

Mother. Dear *Epenetus*, (ſaid my Mother to me) For what I am, to Him that's on the Throne, and to the Lamb, be all the Praiſe and Glory; for he alone it is has made me ſo. This Robe of Glory, which you

you ſee me wear, is only the Reflection of his own bright Beams! Ah *Epenetus*, had not the Bleſſed, for ever Bleſſed, Redeeming *Jeſus*, firſt cloathed me with his Robe of Righteouſneſs. I never ſhould have worn this Robe of Glory. I do not ask you, *Epenetus*, (ſhe continu'd) how you come thus to be admitted here; for I have had already from *Elijah*, a full Account of that; and muſt acknowledge the Divine Condeſcenſion has been exceeding great in this Permiſſion; for which Eternal Praiſe be given to Him. Ah, *Epenetus!* Thorough how many Dangers does Divine Grace conduct our Souls to Glory! I cannot think, but with the moſt admiring Thoughts of Divine Love, how near I once was to Eternal Ruin! I once was *Poor*, and *Blind*, and *Naked*, *Caſt out unto the loathing of my Perſon, and lay polluted in my Filth and Blood:* But O the abundant Grace that found me in that wretched ſad Condition, and yet to me made it a Time of Love! *Waſh'd me from all thy Filthineſs, and Purged me from my Sin!* I once was nothing elſe but Darkneſs: But O Miraculous and happy Change! I now am full of Light, and Love, and Joy: I once was Poor and Miſerable, but now I am Enriched with all that Heaven can give, or I receive: I once was Naked, and expoſed to Shame,

Shame, but now I am adorn'd with Robes of Light and Glory: I once was under Sentence of Eternal Separation from the Divine Presence; but now I am possest of GOD, my only Life, and Joy, and supream Good: O how Transporting is the Comparison of these so wide and contrary extreams! and O how pleasant is the bright Day of Eternity, after a Night so dark and so tempestuous! How does a vivid Sense of those past Evils, produce a far and more lively Feeling and Fruition of my Happiness: This makes the Everlasting *Hallelujahs*, that I sing to my Victorious Deliverer, more ravishing, and more harmonious!

Epen. I must confess I was amaz'd to find my Mother in such an Extasie and holy Transport: and could not forbear saying, *Ah my dear Mother, you speak like one that is indeed in Heaven, and feel the mighty Joys you are possest of!*

Moth. O *Epenetus.* (she replied again) You should not think this strange! The mighty Wonders of Divine Love and Grace, will be the Subject of our Songs for ever. Nor should you call me *Mother* here, altho' I once was so; for here all such Relations cease, and are all swallowed up in GOD, who is alone the Great Father of all this heavenly Family: And I must tell you, *Epenetus*, you are far more dear to me, as you are

are one that love and fear the Lord, and ſo through Faith are his Adopted Son, than as you are the Son born of my Body. 'Tis here our greateſt Mercy, that we have God, the Fountain of our Happineſs; and all that we enjoy is in and through Him; who is an Object that's every way ſo adequate to all our moſt enlarg'd Capacities, that in enjoying Him, we enjoy all that we can ask or think.

Epen. I then deſir'd to know if I ſhould tell her in what Condition I left my Father and my Brethren in the World below, when I was carried thither?

Moth. To this ſhe anſwer'd, No: Since I have put the Body off, I have with that too put off all Relations in the Fleſh: Here GOD (ſaid ſhe) is All in All unto me: I have no Husband but the bleſſed Bridegroom of my Soul, he who is *fairer than the Children of Men*; who is alone deſirable to me: Nor have I here any Relations elſe: We are all Children of one Father here, and Servants of one Maſter, whoſe bleſſed Service is our perfect Freedom. And as for thoſe I left behind me in the World below, I have committed them to GOD, in whoſe good Pleaſure I am happy, whatſoever it be. I ſhall be glad and heartily rejoice to ſee them all Heirs of this bleſſed

bleſſed Inheritance: For then I ſhall be well aſſured the Will of God is ſo. But if they ſhould cloſe in with the Grand Enemy of their Salvation, and refuſe the Grace that's offered them, and thereby periſh in their Unbelief, GOD will be glorified in his Juſtice, and in his Glory I ſhall ſtill rejoice. But ſince, dear *Epenetus*, you muſt deſcend again into the World below, you cannot better ſhew your Love to GOD, and Zeal for the promoting of his Glory, than by endeavouring to turn them to the Ways of Righteouſneſs: Nor do you know but that might be one end why this peculiar Priviledge has been allowed you.

Whilſt I was thus diſcourſing with my Mother, a numerous Company paſs'd before me, cloathed in long Robes, white as the Morning's Brightneſs, and purer far than any thing that ever yet deſerv'd that Name, each having Crowns of Glory on their Heads, which ſparkled forth reſulgent Luſtre; and each one carrying in their Right Hand a Palm of Victory: And as they paſſed by, I heard 'em ſay, *Salvation to our God which ſits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb:* Another Company, who had a very glorious Appearance, and covered their Faces with their Wings, whom I took to be Angels, anſwered them ſaying, *Amen: Bleſſing, and Glory, and Wiſdom,*

and

and Thanksgiving, and Honour, and Power, and Might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.

I then enquired what that great Company were, that were arrayed in Garments of so pure a White, with Palms of Victory in their Hands? And I was told, they were the Noble Company of *Martyrs*, who having endur'd *great Tribulations* in the World, and laid down their Lives *for the Word of God, and the Testimony which they held*, had now *their Robes washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and had Palms in their Hands* in token of Victory. —— I then ask'd from whence they came? And I was answer'd, They came from under the Altar, where they had been crying, *How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not Judge and Avenge our Blood on them that dwell on the Earth?*

Epen. I thought that all the Saints here had that Rest, and Peace, and Joy in God, which did not permit them to have any Thoughts of Revenge towards their Fellow-Creatures: And I was the more inclined to think so, because many of them had pray'd for their Persecutors in the World below, even at the very Stakes, and when they have been under the Hands of the Executioners; and it seems strange to me, that meek and that forgiving Spirit, should be alter'd here in Heaven. ——

Moth.

Moth. The Saints here do indeed poſſeſs that Reſt, and Peace, and Joy in God, which is the Sum of all their Happineſs; but having reſign'd themſelves intirely to the Divine Good Pleaſure, they cannot but deſire God's Will may be fulfill'd in all reſpects, and therefore knowing that it is the Will of God to *render Tribulation to them that have troubled them*; and that he does deſign to glorifie himſelf, by bringing down his Judgments on the Antichriſtian Whore, *who hath made her ſelf drunk with the Blood of the Saints and of the Martyrs of Jeſus*, they cannot but deſire the Will of God may be done, and that his Name may be glorified; which they know will be the Reſult of his executing Judgment upon the great Whore; for when *Babylon* is fallen, a *new Song* ſhall be put into their Mouths; and then it ſhall be ſaid, *Rejoice over her, thou Heaven, and ye holy Apoſtles and Prophets, for God hath avenged you of her.* Yea, then ſhall they ſing, *Alleluia! Salvation, and Glory, and Honour, and Power, unto the Lord our God; for True and Righteous are his Judgments; for he hath judged the great Whore, which did corrupt the Earth with her Fornication, and hath avenged the Blood of his Servants at her Hand; and therefore Praiſe our God, all ye his Servants, and ye that fear his Name, both ſmall and great: And again*

they

they sing Alleluiah. So that their crying under the Altar, *How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our Blood on them that dwell upon the Earth,* is not out of any desire of Revenge, but that GOD may be glorified for his Righteous Judgments.

Epen. Having declared my Satisfaction in her Answer; I desire to know whether the Souls of the Blessed understood what Affairs were transacting in the World below, and whether they had any Concern therein?

Moth. To this she reply'd, The Sum of all our Knowledge here, is to know GOD, the Fountain of our Happiness: but as to the Affair of particular Persons, we are not concern'd with them; and are ignorant of them; being still finite, tho' glorify'd Creatures: The being Present in all Places, is an Attribute peculiar to God alone, *to whose Sight every Creature is manifest.* Tho' the Prosperity or Adversity of the Church below in their Militant State, is represented to us by the Angels, who are *Ministring Spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be Heirs of Salvation:* And from what we learn by them, we are excited to renew our Praises to him that sit upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever. The admirable Providences of God in the Deliverance and

Pre-

Preſervation of his Church, being what we reflect upon with the greateſt Pleaſure and Delight, and praiſe God for, with the greateſt Ardency of Affection, deſiring alſo that his Glory and his People's Happineſs may be conſummate, by the Redemption of the whole Church, which ſhall not be till the Bride hath made her ſelf ready, and the myſtical Body of Chriſt be compleated.

Epen. I then told her, I would only ask her one thing more, (for I believed my Conductor was ready to come for me) and that was, In what Manner their Time was ſpent in this bleſſed Place, and what their general Converſation with each other was?

Moth. To this ſhe reply'd, O my *Epenetus!* How much does that Clog of Mortality you ſtill bear about you, cloud your Underſtanding, even in theſe bright Regions? You ſpeak of Us as ſtill cloathed with mortal Fleſh, and conſider not that here *Mortality is ſwallowed up of Life*, and Time is chang'd into Eternity, without Succeſſion or End. 'Tis true indeed, that in the World below, there's a continual Flux of Time, which is divided into Hours, and Days, and Weeks, and Months, and Years: But here there's no ſuch thing, here is no Night by which Days are diſtinguiſh'd, nor Circling Orbs that make the ſeveral Seaſons

of

of the Year; but one Eternal Undivided Point lasts here for ever. And therefore, *Epenetus*, here's no Time to spend.

But then, as to the other part of your Question, what our general Conversation with each other is? Eternity can only fully answer it: We all have Work enough to do, throughout the numerous Ages of Eternity; and that so very pleasant and delightful, it both creates our Joy, and still increases it. What is there more delightful to the Soul than Knowledge? And you may then soon think how vast a Field we have to trace it in: And as our Knowledge does increase, so do the Adorations we pay to the Divine Author of it: For this is our peculiar Happiness, that all our Disquisitions here, of whatsoever kind, tend to illustrate the high Praises and Adoration of the Ineffable THREE-ONE.

How many Wonders of the Deity, my *Epenetus*, do shine forth in the Works of Nature in the World below, which still lie hid and undiscover'd unto the most Elaborate Enquirers into them? How many things are there below, you know not how are done, and yet are well assured that they are? Who can tell how a Tree grows from a Seed, or a variegated curious Flower, from a poor simple Slip without any Diver-

sity

sity? And yet that so it does, is evident enough.

Why the Magnetick Stone attracts the Needle, or Amber picks up Straws, are some of the *Arcana*'s of Nature, which yet puzzles the wisest of Mortals, to tell by that secret Sympathies it came to pass; altho' the matter of Fact be very obvious. These things are made intelligible here, and all their occult Causes laid open to our View, which likewise does excite our humblest Adorations and renewed Praises to Him, who is so *Excellent in Working*.

And then again, The wondrous Magnitude, as well as Contextures. of the Cœlestial Orbs, (which vain Astrologers in vain pretend to penetrate) are here both in their Causes and Effects, made known unto the Blessed, who being fill'd with highest Admiration, *adore the ever-blessed God* for all his Works of Wonder.

Not that we have this Knowledge barely by a simple Intuition, but by the mutual Exercise of our discursive Faculties, whereby our Knowledge still becomes Progressive. —— Nor do I deny, but that by Intuition our here enlarged Faculties receive a great Addition: For here we at one View can behold more, than we can do Successively below in many Years: To which the Swiftness of our Motion does also much contribute. But

But farther yet, The Works of GOD's Almighty Providence, and with what wondrous Wiſdom he has over-rul'd and govern'd all Events, is ſuch a Theme as well becomes us here to be continually contemplating; and which the more we view, the more we find occaſion ſtill to magnifie the great and glorious Name of the great Author of our Happineſs. Theſe Contemplations, *Epenetus*, has often been exceedingly delightful to me, when in the World below, where I ſaw things but very darkly, and loſt much of the Beauty of them, by reaſon of the Vanity that was upon my Purblind Underſtanding, by means of which I could not ſee far off. But now, that all my intellectual Faculties are both enlarged and perfected, and I can ſee the whole, of what I then had but a ſhort and an imperfect view of, how much more pleaſant and delightful muſt it be! How much more muſt it magnifie the Wiſdom of the great Contriver! To ſee Men eager in the Perſecution of their own Deſigns, and the fulfilling of their Luſts, not having a regard to any thing beſides the ſatisfying of themſelves; and yet to ſee how all theſe things are over-rul'd to the effecting of the divine good Pleaſure, and bringing things, long ſince decreed to paſs, altho' thoſe Inſtruments knew nothing of it, is indeed well

befitting

befitting Him, who is ſo *Wonderful in Counſel and Excellent in Working:* To whom be Glory, and Bleſſing, and Praiſe, through all the endleſs Ages of Eternity.

Thus the Eternal Father had decreed our Great Redeemer ſhould be born in *Bethlehem:* For ſo the Prophet *Micah* had declared, ſaying, *But thou Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the Thouſands of Judah, yet out of thee ſhall he come forth unto me, who is to be Ruler in Iſrael, whoſe Goings forth have been from of Old, from Everlaſting.* But when the time drew near he ſhould be Born, the bleſſed Virgin liv'd at *Nazareth*, with her eſpouſed Husband *Joſeph*, deſigning nothing elſe but to lye in there; which would have contradicted what the Prophet *Micah* by Divine Inſpiration had long ago foretold: And therefore at this Time *Auguſtus Cæſar* the *Roman* Emperor, puts out a Decree, that all the Empire ſhould be Tax'd, and each one in his own City from whence he deſcended, and that both Men and Women: This cauſed the Bleſſed Virgin, and her eſpouſed Husband, to go to *Bethlehem*, (big as ſhe was, and far was the way) that they might there be Tax'd, according to what *Cæſar* had decreed; and there the Lord of Life muſt then be born, according to what *Micah* propheſied. *Cæſar* aimed only at

his getting Money; and yet that Aim of his, through the Divine Wiſdom overruling it, was made a Means to bring about the fulfilling of the Prophecy, in ſo important a Matter, as the Birth of the Meſſiah. This tends exceedingly to magnifie the mighty Wiſdom and overruling Providence of God, who governs all Events to his own Glory and his People's Good.

You knew a Perſon, *Epenetus*, in the World below, who having propos'd to go ſee a Friend, and ſtay at his Houſe ſome Days, fell down as he was getting up on Horſeback, and broke his Leg; which put a ſtop to his intended Journey: This he eſteem'd a very great Affliction; but in a few Days after receiv'd Intelligence, that his Friend's Houſe was caſually burnt that very Night that he intended to have lain there, and all the People in it. This made him look on that which he at firſt thought to be an Affliction, to be a Mercy to him: and that the breaking of his Leg, was but in order to the ſaving of his Life. Many ſuch Inſtances of Divine Love and Goodneſs might be given, which here the Bleſſed retain a lively Senſe of, and mention in their Songs of Praiſe and Hallelujahs to God and to the Lamb.

Again,

Again, my *Epenetus*, Here all the Bleſſed are Eternally employ'd in ſinging Praiſes to Him, who by his wondrous Grace has brought them to his Glory. Here we ſee plainly that Gulph of Everlaſting Ruin, in which we were ſo like to plunge our ſelves, had he not ſtop'd our Way. He often hedg'd up our Way with Thorns, that ſo we might not Travel to Deſtruction. The various Methods of his Grace, whereby he brought us to himſelf, we here repeat to one another, and join in one great *Chorus* to his Praiſe: And whilſt we praiſe him thus, he ſtreams forth Emanations of his Grace upon us, whereby we are aſſimulated more into his Likeneſs, which is our higheſt Happineſs.

Thus, *Epenetus*, I have anſwer'd your laſt Queſtion, which you will better underſtand, when you ſhall come to be cloathed with Immortality,——In the mean time, walk worthy of the Grace you have received; and let not your Attainments puff you up, but give to God the Glory of his Grace; and let what you have ſeen and heard have this effect, to make you ſo much more abhor your ſelf for your own Vileneſs. The great Apoſtle of the Gentiles, who like your ſelf, was once admitted hither, declares he ſoon met with a *Thorn in the Fleſh*, leſt he ſhould elſe have

been puft up too much for the abundant Revelations that he had received: Let his Example therefore keep you humble; Humility will be your beſt Defence; ſuch GOD exalts, whilſt he the Proud depreſſes.——I ſee your Guardian Angel's coming towards you; and therefore, *Epenetus* fare-you-well till next you come, and then we'll part no more.

Epen. She had no ſooner ſpoke, but ſhe departed; and the bright Form that brought me from the World below into this Place of Happineſs, was preſent with me: To whom, as I was bowing,

Ang. *Bow to the Throne*, (ſaid he) *and not to me; I have already told you, I am thy Fellow-Creature; and therefore worſhip God alone, for he alone is worthy of Adoration* --- Haſt thou obſerved theſe Heavenly Manſions well?

Epen. I then reply'd, I have obſerv'd, and have almoſt been raviſh'd with their Glory; but even here I could but ſee in Part; their Splendor was too Bright, and too Diaphanous for my Beholding. And yet the Sight was ſo extream delightful, that I could wiſh I might ſtay here for ever.

Angel.

Angel. I have, reply'd the Angel, a Commission to Re-conduct you to the World below: Not only to the Earth, from whence I took you, but to the Regions of the Prince of Darkness, that thou mayest there see the Reward of Sin, and what incensed Justice has prepar'd, as the just Judgment of their Rebellion, who would exalt themselves above the Throne of the most High. But do not therefore be afraid; for as I have a Commission to bring thee thither, so have I likewise to bring thee back again, and leave thee in the World from whence I took thee, till thou hast there put off Mortality; and then I shall once more be thy Conductor hither, where thou shalt live for ever with all the Blessed here.

Epen. These last Words of the Angel did as it were put new Life into me: For *to leave Heaven for Earth*, was that which did extreamly discompose me, and would have render'd me unconsolable, but that I knew the *Divine Will* was such. But *to leave Heaven for Hell*, was that which turn'd my very Heart within me. However, when I knew that it was the Divine Good Pleasure that I should be return'd from thence to Earth again, and there put off Mortality, and then be re-conducted up to Heaven, I was a little comforted,

and found within my self an intire Resignation to the Will of GOD; and therefore said with some Assurance to my bright Conductor, That which the blessed God has order'd, I shall be always willing to obey, of whose great Mercy I have already had so very large Experience,

That even in Hell it self I will not fear,
May I but have his Presence with me there.

Ang. To this my shining Guardian answer'd me, Where-ever the blessed God vouchsafes his Presence, there is Heaven, and whilst we are in Hell, he will be with us.

Epen. Then bowing low before the Almighty's Throne, swifter than Thought my Guardian Angel carried me Ten Thousand Leagues below the Imperial Heavens, where when I saw those mighty Globes of Fires, whose ever-burning Lamps of the Æthereal Heavens, I thus bespoke my bright Conductor; That I had heard, when I was upon Earth, that each one of those fixed Stars were Worlds; and I believ'd they might; because, though here they are of such a mighty Magnitude, they seem to us on Earth, just such small things as what the Earth seems here; although indeed the Earth seems here more dark,

than

than they do unto those that are on Earth. But having such an Opportunity, I would willingly be inform'd from you what Truth there is therein.

Angel. To this my shining Guardian answer'd me, To Him who is Almighty, there's nothing impossible; nor can there be a Bound set to Infinity. The Ever-blessed God took six Days time to make the World below, but could as well have made it in one Moment, if he had so determin'd; it was the putting forth of his Almighty Power that did effect it: And what that Power can do, there's none can tell, but he that does possess it. But from his Power, to argue, 'tis his Will, is no good Logick in the School of Heaven. He does whatever he pleases, both in Heaven above, and in the Earth below; and what he pleases to reveal to us, we know; and what he has not so reveal'd, are Secrets lock'd up in his own Eternal Counsel, which 'tis a bold and a presumptuous Curiosity for any Creature to enquire into. There is no doubt but he can make as many Worlds as there are Stars in Heaven, if it pleases Him; but that he has done so, he has not yet reveal'd, nor is it therefore our Duty to enquire.

By this time we were come down to the loweſt Regions of the Air, where I ſaw Multitudes of horrid Forms, and diſmal dark Appearances, fly from the ſhining Preſence of my bright Conductor.

Epen. Theſe ſure, ſaid I, are ſome of the Vanguard of Hell, ſo black and ſo affrighting are their Forms.

Angel. Theſe are, ſaid my Conductor, ſome of the Apoſtate Spirits, that wander up and down in the Air, and on the Earth, like roaring Lions, ſeeking whom they may devour: And though they are fled hence, you'll ſee them quickly in their own dark Territories; for we are now upon the Borders of the Infernal Pit.

Visions of Hell:

AND OF

The Torments of the Damned.

I Quickly found the Words of my Conductor very true, for we were soon surrounded with a Darkness much more Black than Night, which was attended with a Stink more suffocating far than that of burning Brimstone; my Ears were likewise filled with the horrid Yellings of the Damned Spirits, that all the most Discordant Notes on Earth were, in comparison of this, melodious Musick.

Ang. Now, said my Guardian Angel, you are on the Verge of Hell; But do not fear the Power of the Destroyer, for my Commission from the Imperial Throne secures you from all Danger. Here you may hear from Devils and Damned Souls the cursed Causes of their endless Ruin. And what you have a mind to ask, enquire,

quire, and they ſhall anſwer you. The Devils cannot hurt you, tho' they would, for they are bound by Him that has commiſſioned me, of which themſelves are ſenſible, which makes them rage, and fret, and roar, and bite their hated Chain, but all in vain.

We now were come within Hell's Territories, plac'd in the Caverns of the Infernal Deep; there, where Earth's Center reconciles all things, where all Effects do in their Cauſes ſleep: There, in a Sulphurous Lake of Liquid Fire, bound with the Adamantine Chain of Heaven's fixed Decree, ſat *Lucifer* upon a burning Throne; his horrid Eyes ſparkling with Helliſh Fury; as full of Rage as his ſtrong Pains could make him.—Thoſe wandring Fiends, that, as we came from Heaven, fled before us, had (I perceive) given Notice of our Coming, which put all Hell in an Uproar, and thus made *Lucifer* to vent his horrid Blaſphemies againſt the Bleſſed GOD; which he deliver'd with ſuch an Air of Arrogance and Pride, as plainly ſhews, he only wanted Power, but neither Rage nor Malice.

Lucifer. What would the Thunderer have, ſaid he? He has my Heaven already, whoſe radiant Sceptre this Hand ſhould bear: And for thoſe never-fading Fields

of

of Light, my fair Inheritance, confines me here, in this dark Houſe of Death, Sorrow and Wo! What would he have Hell from me too, that he inſults me here? Ah! could I but obtain another Day to try it in, I'd make Heaven ſhake, and his bright Throne to totter. Nor would I fear the utmoſt of his Power, tho' he had fiercer Flames than theſe to throw me in. Though then I loſt the Day, the Fault won't mine: No winged Spirit in Heaven's Arched Roof, bid fairer for the Victory than I did.——But Ah! (continued he, with a changed Voice) that Day is loſt; and I am doom'd, for ever doom'd to theſe dark Territories!——But 'tis at leaſt ſome comfort to me ſtill, that Mankind's Sorrow waits upon my Wo. And ſince I cannot on the Thunderer, I'll wreak the utmoſt of my Rage on them.

Epen. I was amaz'd to hear his Impious Speech, and could not forbear ſaying to my Conductor, How juſtly are his Blaſphemies rewarded?

Ang. What you have heard from this Apoſtate Spirit, is both his Sin and Puniſhment; for every Blaſphemy he Belches againſt Heaven, makes Hell the hotter to him.

We

We then passed on further, amongst dismal Scenes of unmix'd Sorrow, and saw two wretched Souls tormented by a Fiend, who without ceasing plung'd them in Liquid Fire and Burning Brimstone, whilst they at the same time accused and cursed each other: One of them saying to his tormented Fellow-Sufferer, O cursed be thy Face, that ever I set Eyes upon thee! My Misery is long of thee; I may thank thee for this; for it was thy Perswasions brought me hither: Thou didst entice me, thou it was that didst insnare me thus. It was your Covetousness, and Cheating, and your Oppression, and Grinding of the Poor, that brought me hither: If you had but set me a good Example, as you did an ill one, I might for ought I know, have been in Heaven, and there have been as happy as I am now miserable: But O Wretch that I was! my following your Steps has made me in this wretched State, and ruin'd me for ever: O that I had never seen thy Face, or thou hadst never been born, to do my Soul that Wrong that you have done.

The other Wretch reply'd, And may I not as well blame you? For do you not remember how at such a Time and Place you did entice me, and drew me out, and asked me if I would not go along with you, when I was about other Business, about

bout my lawful Calling? But you called me away; and therefore as much in Fault as I: Though I was Covetous, yet you were Proud; and if you learn'd of me your Covetousness, I am sure I learn'd of you my Pride and Drunkenness; and though you learn'd of me to Cheat, yet you learn'd me to Whore, to Lye and Scoff at Goodness. Thus, though I stumbled you in some things, you stumbled me as much in others; and therefore if you blame me, I can blame you as much: And if I have to answer for some of your most filthy Actions, you have still to answer for some of mine. I wish you had never had come hither; the very Looks of you do wound my Soul, by bringing Sin afresh into my Mind: It was with you, with you it was, I sinn'd; O Grief unto my Soul! And since I could not shun thy Company there, O that I could have been without it here!

From this sad Dialogue, I soon perceiv'd, that those who are Companions upon Earth in Sin, shall be so too in Hell in Punishment. And though on Earth they love each other's Company, they will not care for it in Hell. This, I believe, was the true Reason why *Dives* seemed so Charitable to his Brethren, that he would have them warned, that so they might not

come

come into this Place of Torment; 'twas Love unto himself, and not to them, that was his Motive; because had they come thither, his Torments would have thereby been increased.

But there were yet more Tragick *Scenes of Sorrow*; for leaving those two curſed Wretches accuſing of each other, for being Authors of each other's Miſery, we paſt on further, beholding ſeveral woful Spectacles; and among others, one who ſtill had flaming Sulphur forced down her Throat by a *tormenting Spirit*; which he did with that horrid Cruelty and Inſolence, I could not but ſay to him.

Epen. Why ſhould you ſo delight in the Tormenting of that curſed Wretch, as to be thus perpetually pouring that Flaming and Infernal Liquor down her Throat?

Fiend. This is no more, but a juſt Retribution, replied the Fiend: This Woman in her Life-time was ſuch a lordid Wretch, that though ſhe had Gold enough, could never be ſatisfied; and therefore now I pour it down her Throat: She cared not who ſhe ruined and undid, ſo ſhe could get their Gold; and when ſhe had amaſs'd together a greater Treaſure than ever ſhe could ſpend, her Love of Money would not let her ſpend ſo much of it, as to ſupply her ſelf with what the

common

common Neceſſities of Life required. For ſhe then went often with an empty Belly, though her Bags were full, or elſe ſhe filled it at another's Charge: And as for her Apparel, it either never grew Old, or if it were ſo, it was always ſo ſupplied with Patches, that at laſt it was as hard to ſay, which piece was an Original, as it is among the Learned Men on Earth to find out the Original of *Nile*. She kept no Houſe, becauſe ſhe would not be Taxed; nor kept her Treaſure in her Hands, for fear ſhe ſhould be robbed; nor let it out without good Bonds and Mortgages, for fear of being Cheated; although ſhe ever Cheated all ſhe could, and was her ſelf ſo great a Cheat, ſhe Cheated her own Body of its Food, and her own Soul of Mercy. And yet this curſed Wretch had but one Child in all the World to give it to, whom ſhe had brought up ſo, ſhe knew no more how to make uſe on't than her Mother did.—— Since Gold then was her God on Earth, is it not juſt that ſhe ſhould have her Belly-full in Hell?

Epen. When her Tormentor had done ſpeaking, I asked her whether what he ſaid were true or not?—— To this, ſhe anſwered me, No; to my Grief it is not. How! to your Grief, ſaid I? Yes, to my Grief, ſaid ſhe: Becauſe, *were that which*

my Tormentor tells you, true, I ſhould be better ſatisfied; he tells you, that it is Gold that he pours down my Throat; but he is a Lying Devil, and ſpeaks falſely: Were it but Gold, I never ſhould complain; but he abuſes me, and in the ſtead of Gold, he only gives me horrid ſtinking Sulphur: Had I my Gold, I ſhould be happy ſtill; which I ſo truly Value, that if I had it here, I ſcarce would bribe Heaven with it, to be removed from hence.

I could not forbear telling my Conductor, I was amaz'd to hear a Wretch, in Hell it ſelf, ſo doat upon her Riches, and that too whilſt in the Tormentor's Hands.

Ang. This may (ſaid he) convince ye, 'Tis Sin that is the greateſt of all Evils; and where the Love of that prevails, that Soul is loſt for ever. And therefore 'tis the greateſt of all Puniſhments, to be abandon'd to the Love of Sin. The Love of Gold, (to which this curſed Creature is given up) is a more exquiſite and fatal Puniſhment, than that which the Apoſtate Spirits here inflict upon her.

Epen. Oh! ſaid I, could but wicked Men on Earth, for one ſmall Moment lay their Ears to this Mouth of *Tophet*, and hear thoſe horrid Shrieks of Damned Souls, they could not be in love with Sin again.

Ang.

Ang. Eternal Truth has told us otherwise: For those that will not fear his Ministers, nor have regard to what his Word contains, will not be warn'd, though one should come from Hell.

We had not come much further, before we saw a wretched Soul lie on a Bed of Burning Steel, almost choak'd with Brimstone: Who cried out, as one under a dreadful Anguish with a Note of Description; which made me to desire of my Conductor to stay a while, that I might listen more attentively to what he said; and thereupon I heard him speak as follows:

Ah, miserable Wretch! Undone for Ever, for Ever; O those killing Words, *For Ever!* will not a thousand Thousand Years suffice, to bear that Pain; which if I could avoid it, I would not bear one Moment for a thousand Thousand Worlds. No, no, my Misery never will have an End: After the Thousand Thousand Years, 'twill be *For Ever* still. O hapless, helpless, hopeless State indeed! 'Tis this *For Ever* is the Hell of Hell! O cursed Wretch! cursed to all Eternity! How wilfully have I undone my self! O what stupendious Folly am I guilty of, to choose Sin's short and momentary Pleasures, at the dear Rate of everlasting Pain! How oft have I been told it would be so! How often

often prest to leave those Paths of Sin that would be sure to bring me to the Chambers of Eternal Death! But I, like the deaf Adder, lent no Ear unto those Charmers, though they charm'd so wisely. They told me often, that my short liv'd Pleasures would quickly issue in Eternal Pain; and now too sad Experience tells me so: It tells me so indeed, but 'tis too late to help it; for my Eternal State is fix'd for ever. Why had I Reason given me! Why was I made with an immortal Soul, and yet should take so little Care of it! O how my own Neglect stings me to Death, and yet I know I cannot, must not die! But live a dying Life, worse than ten thousand Deaths; and yet I might once have help'd all this, and would not! O that's the Gnawing Worm that never dies! I might have once been happy; Salvation once was offer'd me, and I refused it, had it been but once, yet to refuse it, had been a Folly not to be forgiven; but it was offer'd me a thousand times, and yet (Wretch that I was) I still as oft refused it. O cursed Sin, that with deluding Pleasures bewitches Mankind to Eternal Ruin! GOD often called, but I as oft refused; He stretched his Hand out, but I would not mind it: How often have I set at nought his Counsel! How oft have I refused his Reproof!

proof! But now the Scene is chang'd, the Case is alter'd: For now he laughs at my Calamity, and mocks at that Destruction which is come upon me. He would have help'd me once, but then I would not; and therefore those Eternal Miseries I am condemned to undergo, is but the just Reward of my own Doing.

I could not hear this doleful Lamentation, without reflecting on the wondrous Grace the Ever-blessed God had shewed to me: Eternal Praises to his holy Name! For my Heart told me, that I had deserved, as much as that sad Wretch, to be the Object of Eternal Wrath; and it is his Grace alone has made us differ!

O how unsearchable his Counsels be!
And who can fathom his divine Decree!

After these Reflections, I addressed my self to the doleful Complainer, and told him, I had heard his woful Lamentation, by which I perceiv'd his Misery was great, and his Loss irreparable; and told him, I would willingly be inform'd of it more particularly: Which might possibly be some Alleviation of his Sufferings.

Dam. Soul. No, not at all, My Pains are such as can admit of no Relief, no not for one small Moment. But by the Question

ſtion you have asked, I do perceive you are a Stranger here; and may you ever be ſo. Ah! had I but the leaſt Hopes ſtill remaining, how would I kneel, and cry, and pray for ever, to be redeemed from hence! But ah, 'tis all in vain; I am loſt for ever. —— Though, that you may beware of coming hither, I'll tell you what the Damned ſuffer here.

Our Miſeries in this Infernal Dungeon are of two ſorts; what we have loſt, and what we undergo: And theſe I will reduce each to their ſeveral Head; altho' the ſad Relation will give a greater Sting to what I feel.

Firſt then, For what we have loſt.

1. In this ſad dark Abode of Miſery and Sorrow, we have loſt the Preſence of the Ever-bleſſed GOD: And this is that which makes this Dungeon, Hell. Tho' we had loſt a thouſand Worlds, it would not be ſo much as this one Loſs: Could but the leaſt Glimpſe of his Favour enter here, we might be happy; but we have loſt it, to our everlaſting Wo.

2. Here we have likewiſe loſt the Company of Saints and Angels, and in their Room have nothing but Tormenting Devils.

3. Here we have loſt Heaven too, the Seat of Bleſſedneſs: There is a deep Gulf betwixt

betwixt us and Heaven; ſo that we are ſhut out from thence for ever. Thoſe Everlaſting Gates, that let the Bleſſed into Happineſs, are now for ever ſhut againſt us here.

4. Here we have alſo loſt all Pity; and this is to the Miſerable a great Loſs: To have that God, who does ſo pity Sinners, that he has given his Beloved Son to die for them, to be ſo far from pitying us, that he rejoices in our Miſery, and will do ſo for ever, is that which ſtings us to the very Heart, and makes our Miſery beyond meaſure miſerable. And what can be more Cruel and Tormenting, than to have that Redeemer, that gave his very Blood for others, deny to pity us? Nor will the Saints and Angels pity us; but whilſt we here are howling in our Miſery, under the Wrath of an incenſed GOD, the Saints too ſhall rejoyce that we are Damn'd, and God is glorified in our Deſtruction. Behold the diſmal Iſſue of our Sin!

5. To make our Wretchedneſs yet far more Wretched, we have loſt the Hope of ever being in a better State: Which renders our Condition truly Hopleſs. He that upon Earth is the moſt miſerable, has yet Hope left as a Reſerve. And therefore 'tis a common Proverb there, That *were it not for Hope, the Heart would break.* Well may

our

our Hearts break then, ſince we are here both without Hope and Help.

This is what we have loſt; which but to think on is enough to tear, and rend, and gnaw upon our miſerable Souls for ever. Yet, O that this were all! But we have Pain of Senſe, as well as Loſs: And having ſhew'd you what we have loſt, I am now to ſhew you what we undergo.

1. And firſt, We undergo Variety of Torments: We are tormented here, a thouſand, nay ten thouſand ſeveral ways. They that are moſt afflicted upon Earth, have ſeldom any more than one Diſtemper at a time: But ſhould they have the Plague, the Gout, the Stone, and Fever at a time, how miſerable would they think themſelves? Yet all thoſe are but like the Biting of a Flea, to thoſe intollerable Pungent Pains that we endure: Here we have all the loathed Variety of Hell to grapple with: Here's Fire that is unquenchable to Burn us with; a Lake of Burning Brimſtone ever choaking us; Eternal Chains to tye us; here's utter Darkneſs to affright us, and a Worm of Conſcience that gnaws upon us everlaſtingly: And any one of theſe is worſe to bear, than all the Torments Mankind ever felt on Earth.

2. But as our Torments here are various, ſo are they Univerſal too; afflicting each Part

Part of the Body, and tormenting all the Powers of the Soul: Which renders what we ſuffer moſt unſufferable. In thoſe Diſtempers you Men are ſeiz'd withal on Earth, tho' ſome Parts are afflicted, other Parts are free. Although your Body may be out of order, your Head may yet be well; and though your Head be ill, your Vitals may be free; or though your Vitals be affected, your Arms and Legs may ſtill be clear. But here 'tis otherwiſe; each Member of the Soul and Body is at once tormented. — The Eye is here tormented with the Sight of Devils, who do appear in all the horrid Shapes and black Appearances that Sin can give them. — The Ear is continually tormented with the loud Yellings and continual Outcries of the Damned. — The Noſtrils ſmother'd with Sulphurious Flames; — The Tongue with Burning Bliſters, and the whole Body roll'd in Flames of Liquid Fire; — and all the Powers and Faculties of our Souls are here tormented: — The Imagination, with the Thoughts of preſent Pain; the Memory, with reflecting on what a Heaven we have loſt, and of thoſe Opportunities we had of being ſaved: — Our Minds are here tormented with conſidering how vainly we have ſpent our precious Time, and how we have abuſed it — Our Underſtanding

derſtanding is tormented in the Thoughts of our paſt Pleaſures, preſent Pains, and future Sorrows, which are to laſt for ever: And our Conſciences are tormented with a continual gnawing Worm.

3. Another thing that makes our Miſery inſupportable, is the Extremity of our Torments: The Fire that burns us is ſo violent, that all the Water in the Sea can never quench it: The Pains we ſuffer here are ſo extream, that it is impoſſible they ſhould be known by any one but thoſe that feel them. Vindictive Juſtice here diſplays its Power, in the ſuſtaining of our dying Lives under thoſe great and cruciating Pains, which ſcarce an Angel's Strength could undergo.

4. Another of the ſad Ingredients of our Miſery, is the Continuity of our Torments: As Various, and as Univerſal, and as extream Violent as they are, they are continual too; nor have we the leaſt Intermiſſion from them; our Miſeries are both extream, and always ſo. If there were any Relaxation, it might be ſome Allay: But this makes our Condition ſo deplorable, that there's no Intermiſſion of our Torments; but what we ſuffer now, we muſt for ever ſuffer. This cauſes a Hatred to ariſe in our Hearts againſt God; and our Hatred againſt God continues our Miſeries upon us.

5. Th

5. The Society or Company we have here, is another Ingredient in our Misery: Tormenting Devils and tormented Souls are all our Company; and dreadful Shrieks and Howlings, under the Fierceness of our Pain, and fearful Execrations against him, whose Power and Justice keeps us here, is all our Conversation. And here the Torments of our Fellow-Sufferers are so far from mitigating our Misery, that they increase our Pain.

6. The Place in which we suffer, is another thing that increases our Sufferings: It is the Abstract of all Misery, a Prison, a Dungeon, a Bottomless Pit, a Lake of Fire and Brimstone, a Furnace of Fire that burns to Eternity, the Blackness of Darkness for ever: And lastly, Hell it self. And such a wretched Place as this, must needs increase our Wretchedness.

7. The Cruelty of our Tormentors, is another thing that adds to our Torments. Our Tormentors are Devils, in whom there is no Pity: But being tormented themselves, do yet take pleasure in Tormenting us.

8. All those Particulars that I have reckoned up, are very grievous; but that which makes 'em much more grievous is, That they shall ever be so; that all our most Intolerable Sufferings shall last to all

Eternity: O wretched State of Men! To be the everlasting Objects of God's Revenging Justice: *Depart from me ye cursed into Everlasting Fire*, is that which is perpetually Sounding in my Ears, O that I could Reverse that fatal Sentence! O that that there was but a bare Possibility of doing it! What is it that I would not do or suffer to effect it? And yet Almighty Power can inflict no more than what I suffer now. But that I shall for ever suffer it, is what I know not how to bear; and yet what I must ever undergo. Thus have I shew'd you the miserable Case that we are in, and shall be in for ever.

This wretched Soul had scarcely made an end of what he was saying, before he was afresh tormented by a Hellish Fury, who bid him cease complaining, for it was in vain: Besides, said he, Do you not know, you have deserved it all? How often were you told of this before, but would not then believe it? You laugh'd at them that told you of a Hell; nay, you were so Presumptuous, to dare Almighty Justice to destroy you. How often have you call'd on God to damn you? And do you now complain that you are answer'd according to your Wishes? What an unreasonable thing is this, that you should call so often for Damnation, and yet be so uneasy under it?

You

You own your self, you had Salvation offer'd you, and you refuſed it: With what Face then can you complain of being Damn'd? I have more Reaſon to complain than you, for you have had a long time of Repentance given you, but I was turn'd to Hell as ſoon as I had ſinn'd: You had Salvation offer'd you, and Pardon and Forgiveneſs often tender'd you; but I never had any Mercy offer'd me; but was conſign'd, as ſoon as I had ſinn'd, to everlaſting Puniſhment: If I had had the Offer of Salvation, I never would have ſlighted it as you have done: And it had been better for you, that you had never had the Offer of it neither, for then Damnation had been eaſier to you. Who do you think ſhould pity you, that would be Damn'd in ſpight of Heaven it ſelf?

This made the Wretch cry out, O do not thus continue to torment me! I know that my Deſtruction is of my ſelf: O that I could forget it! The Thoughts of that is here my greateſt Plague: I would be Damn'd, and therefore juſtly am ſo.

Then turning to the *Fiend* that tortur'd him, he ſaid, But 'twas through thy Temptations, curſed Devil: 'Twas thou that temptedſt me to all the Sins I have been guilty of; and do'ſt thou now upbraid me? You ſay, you never had a Saviour offer'd

you; but you ſhould call to mind, you never had a Tempter neither, as I have had continually of thee, from whoſe importunate Solicitations I never could be free.

To this the Devil ſcornfully replied, I own it was my Buſineſs to decoy you hither; and you have oft been told ſo by your Preachers: They told you plain enough we ſought your Ruin, and went about continually like roaring Lions, ſeeking whom we could devour; and I was oft afraid you would believe 'em, as ſeveral did, to our great Diſappointment: But you were willing to do what we'd have you; and ſince you've done our Work, it is but reaſonable that we ſhould pay your Wages. —— And then the *Fiend* tormented him afreſh, which caus'd him to roar out ſo horridly, I could no longer ſtay to hear him, and ſo paſt away.

Epen. How diſmal, ſaid I then to my Conductor, is the Condition of theſe Damned Souls? They are the Devil's Slaves while upon Earth, and he upbraids, and then torments them for it, when they come to Hell.

Angel. Their Malice againſt all the Race of *Adam*, ſaid my Conductor, is exceeding great, becauſe the Bleſſed Redeemer dy'd to ſave 'em, and they enjoy that Happineſs from which thoſe Spirits were caſt down

down. And though it is impoſſible they ſhould prevail upon the Elect, ſo as to make one periſh, yet ſince they know not who they are, they ceaſe not to tempt all to Sin, by all the Means they can; as knowing that's the Way to make them miſerable: And becauſe many Souls are ignorant of their Devices, they eaſily prevail upon them to their Eternal Ruin. And how they treat them here, for liſtening to their Temptations, you have ſeen already, and will ſee more on't quickly. And though they do it to ſatisfy the Rage they have againſt them, as they are Men, yet are they therein the Almighty's Agents, and the juſt Executioners of his deſerved Vengeance againſt Sinners, who wilfully deſtroy themſelves, by liſtening to the Devil.

Paſſing a little further, we ſaw a multitude of damned Souls together, gnaſhing their Teeth with extream Rage and Pain, whilſt the Tormenting Fiends, with Helliſh Fury pour'd Liquid Fire and Brimſtone continually upon them: They in the mean time curſing GOD, themſelves, and thoſe about them, in blaſpheming after a tremendous manner.

I could not forbear asking of one Fiend that ſo tormented them, What they were that he uſed ſo Cruelly? Said he,

Fiend. They are thoſe that well deſerve it: Theſe are thoſe curſed Wretches, that would teach others the right Road to Heaven; whilſt yet themſelves were ſo in Love with Hell, that they came hither: Theſe are thoſe Souls that have been the great Factors of Hell upon the Earth, and therefore do deſerve a particular Regard in Hell. We uſe our utmoſt diligence to give every one their ſhare of Torments, but will be ſure to take care theſe ſhan't want; for theſe ha'nt only their own Sins to anſwer for, but all thoſe too, whom they have led aſtray, both by their Doctrine and Example.

Epen. Since they have been ſuch great Factors for Hell, as you ſay, methinks Gratitude ſhould oblige you to uſe them a little more kindly.

Fiend. To this, the Impudent Fiend anſwered me in a Scoffing Manner, They that expect Gratitude among Devils, will find themſelves miſtaken: Gratitude is a a Vertue, but we hate all Vertue, and profeſs an immortal Enmity againſt it. Beſides, we hated all Learning, and were it in our Power, not one of them ſhould be happy. 'Tis true, we do'nt tell them ſo upon Earth, becauſe there it is our Buſineſs to flatter and delude them; but when we have them here, where they are faſt enough,

enough, (for *from Hell there's no Redemption*) we soon convince them of their Folly in believing us.

Epen. From the Discourse I had heard of this and other of the Devils, I could not but reflect, That it is infinite and unspeakable Grace, by which any poor Sinners are brought to Heaven; considering how many Snares and Baits are laid by the Enemy of Souls to intrap them by the way; and therefore it is a Work well worthy of the blessed Son of God, to save his People from their Sins, and to deliver them from the Wrath to come. But it is an unaccountable Madness and Folly in Men to refuse the Offers of this Grace, and to close in with the Destroyer.

Angel. 'Tis Sin that thus hardens their Hearts, and blinds their Eyes, so that they are uncapable of making a right Judgment of Things, until the holy Spirit come and anoints their Eyes with his Eye-Salve, which makes the Scales of Ignorance and Error to drop off, whereby they come to see things in a truer Light.

Epen. Going further on, I heard a Wretch complaining in a Heart-breaking strain, against those Men that had betray'd him hither.

Damn. Soul. I was told, ſaid he, by thoſe that I depended on, and thought could have inform'd me right, That if I ſaid but *Lord have Mercy on me*, when I came to die, it would be enough to ſave me: But O how wretchedly I find my ſelf miſtaken, to my Eternal Sorrow! Alas, I call'd for Mercy on my Death-bed, but found it was too late: This curſed Devil here, that told me juſt before, that I was ſafe enough, then told me 'twas too late, and Hell muſt be my Portion, as I find it is.

Devil. You ſee I told you true at laſt; and then you wou'd'nt believe me: A very pretty Buſineſs! e'nt it, think you? You ſpend your Days in the purſuit of Sin, and wallow in your Filthineſs, and yet you would go to Heaven when you die! Would any but a mad Man think that that would ever do? No, he that in good earneſt does intend to go to Heaven when he dies, muſt walk in the Ways of Holineſs and Vertue while he lives. You ſay ſome of your lewd Companions told you, That ſaying, *Lord have Mercy on you*, when you came to die, would be enough: A very fine Excuſe! You might have known, if you'd have given your ſelf but leiſure to have read the Bible, That *without Holineſs, there's none ſhall ſee the Lord!* Therefore this is the Sum of the Matter, you were willing

willing to live in your Sins as long as you could: You did not leave them at laſt, becauſe you did not like them, but becauſe you could follow them no longer: And this you know to be true. And could you have the Impudence to think to go to Heaven with the Love of Sin in your Heart? No, no; no ſuch Matter: You have been warn'd often enough, that you ſhould *take heed of being deceived, for God would not be mocked, but ſuch as you ſow'd, you ſhall alſo reap:* So that you have no Reaſon to complain of any thing but your own Folly, which now you ſee too late.

Epen. This Lecture of the Devil was a very cutting one to the poor tormented Wretch, ſaid I to my Conductor, and contains the true Caſe of many now on Earth, as well as thoſe in Hell. But O what a far different Judgment do they make in this ſad State, from what they did on Earth!

Angel. The Reaſon of that is, reply'd my Guardian Angel, becauſe they won't allow themſelves to think what the Effects of Sin will be, nor what an Evil 'tis, whilſt upon Earth: 'Tis Inconſideration is the Ruin of ſo many Thouſands, who think not what they are doing, nor whither they are going, till 'tis too late to help it.

We had not gone much further, before we heard another tormenting of himself, and aggravating his own Misery, by reflecting on the Happiness of Blessed Souls.

Dam. Soul. How brightly, said he, do the Saints in Heaven shine in the Glory of the Divine Image, whilst I am deformed! And yet I was once as capable of that Glory as they; had the same Nature with them, the same Reason, the same Intellectual Faculties and Powers; But, O what a Prodigious Monster am I now become! That I should hate, and hate Eternally, the Eternal Excellency: Now Sin and Death are finished upon me: And O how vast is the Difference between us! They have the Humane Nature in its most Exalted Beauty and Perfection; but I, accursed I, have the same Nature in its utmost Turpitude and Depravation: Which renders the Comparison unspeakably far more unequal, than that would be of the most amiable lovely Person, flourishing in all the Gaiety and Prime of Youthful Strength and Beauty; with a putrified and rotten Carcase, deformed by the Corruption of a loathsome Grave: Ah, whence is this amazing difference, but through my wilful and accursed Sin? 'Tis Sin, 'tis only Sin, that has undone me, and brought me here

to

to ſuffer, as the juſt Reward thereof the dreadful Vengeance of Eternal Fire.

Epen. We were diverted from giving any further Ear unto theſe ſtinging Self-Reflections of this poor loſt Creature, by ſeeing a vaſt Number of Tormenting Fiends, laſhing inceſſantly a numerous Company of wretched Souls, with knotted Whips of ever-burning Steel; whilſt they roar'd out with Cries ſo very piercing, and ſo lamentable, I thought it might have melted even Cruelty it ſelf into ſome pity.—— Which made me ſay to one of the Tormentors, O ſtay your Hand, and do not uſe ſuch Cruelty as this, to them that are your Fellow-Creatures, and whom perhaps you have your ſelves betrayed to all this Miſery.

Devil. No, (anſwer'd the Tormentor, very ſmoothly) though we are bad enough, no Devil ever was ſo bad as they, nor guilty of ſuch Crimes as they have been: For we all know there is a GOD, although we hate him; but theſe are ſuch as never cou'd be brought to own (till they came hither) that there was ſuch a Being.——

Epen. Then theſe, ſaid I, are Atheiſts: A wretched ſort of Men indeed; and who had once like to have ruin'd me, had not Eternal Grace prevented it. —— I had no ſooner ſpoke, but one of the tormented

Wretches

Wretches cries out with a ſad mournful Accent.

Dam. Soul. Sure I ſhould know that Voice: It muſt be *Epenetus.*——

I was amazed to hear my Name mentioned by one of the Infernal Crew; and therefore being deſirous to know who it was, I anſwered, Yes, I am, *Epenetus*; but who are you, in that ſad loſt Condition, that knows me?

Dam. Soul: To this, the loſt Unknown replied, I was once well acquainted with you upon Earth, and had almoſt perſwaded you to be of my Opinion; I am the Author of that Celebrated Book, ſo well known by the Title of *Leviathan.*

Epen. What, the Great *Hobbs*, ſaid I! Are you come hither? Your Voice is ſo much changed, I did not know it.

Hobbs. Alas, replied he, I am that unhappy Man indeed: But am ſo far from being Great, that I am one of the moſt Wretched Perſons in all theſe ſooty Territories. Nor is it any Wonder that my Voice is changed; for I am now chang'd in my Principles, tho' chang'd too late to do me any good: For now I know there is a GOD: But O! I wiſh there were not; for I am ſure he'll have no Mercy on me: Nor is there any Reaſon that he ſhould: I do confeſs I was his Foe on Earth, and now he

he is mine in Hell; where he makes me to suffer all that Almighty Power can inflict, or that a Creature is able to sustain. I feel, I feel, to my Eternal Wo, that I am now the Subject of that Power I once so wickedly derided: And it is that wretched Confidence I had in my own Wisdom, that has thus betrayed me.

Epen. Your Case indeed is miserable; and yet you needs must own you suffer justly. For how industrious were you to make Proselytes of others, and so involve them in the same Damnation? None has more Reason to know this, than I; who had almost been taken in the Snare, and perished irrecoverably.

Hobbs. 'Tis that, says he, that stings me to the Heart, to think how many perish by my means: I was afraid, when first I heard your Voice, that you had likewise been consign'd to Punishment. Not that I can wish any Person happy, for 'tis my Plague to think that any are so, whilst I am miserable; but because every Soul that is brought hither, thro' my Seduction, whilst I was on Earth, doubles my Pains in Hell.

Epen. But tell me; for I fain would be informed, and you can do it: Did you indeed believe, when upon Earth, there was no GOD? Could you imagine that the

World

World could make it ſelf? And that the Creatures were the Cauſes of their own Production? Had you no ſecret Whiſpers in your Soul, that told you, 'twas another made you, and not you your ſelf? And had you never any Doubts about this Matter? I have often heard it ſaid, when upon Earth, Tho' there are many that profeſs there is no GOD, there is not one that thinks ſo: And it would be ſtrange there ſhould, becauſe there is none but carries in their Boſom a Witneſs for that GOD whom they deny. Now you can tell whether it is ſo or no; and you have now no Reaſon to conceal your Sentiments.

Hobbs. Nor will I, *Epenetus*, anſwered he altho' the Thoughts thereof ſtings me afreſh. I did at firſt believe there was a GOD, who was that Sovereign Self-ſubſiſting Power, that gave a Being to all other Creatures: But falling afterwards to vicious Courſes, which rendered me obnoxious to his Wrath, I had ſome ſecret Wiſhes there was none; for 'tis impoſſible to think there is a God, and not withal to think him Juſt and Righteous, and conſequently that he is obliged to puniſh the Tranſgreſſors of his Law: And being I was Conſcious to my ſelf, I lay obnoxious to his Juſtice, it made me hate him, and wiſh that there was no ſuch Being: But ſtill purſuing

the

the ſame vicious Courſes, and finding Juſtice did not overtake me, I then began to hope there was no GOD; and from thoſe Hopes, began to frame in my own Breaſt, Ideas ſuitable to what I hoped: And having thus in my own Thoughts framed a New Syſtem of the World's Original, excluding thence the Being of a Deity, I found my ſelf ſo fond of thoſe new Notions, that I at laſt prevailed upon my ſelf to give 'em Credit, and then endeavour'd to faſten the Belief of 'em on others. But e're I came to ſuch a Heighth as this, I do acknowledge that I found ſeveral Checks in my own Conſcience for what I did, and all along ſhould now and then be troubled with ſome ſtrange uneaſie Thoughts, as if I ſhould not find all right at laſt; which I endeavoured to put off, as much as in me lay. And now I find thoſe checking Thoughts, that might have been of Service to me then, are here the things that moſt of all torments me. And I muſt own, the Love of Sin hardened my Heart againſt my Maker, and made me hate him firſt, and then deny his Being. Sin, that I hugged ſo cloſe within my Boſom, has been the curſed Cauſe of all this Woe; the Serpent that has ſtung my Soul to Death. For now I find maugre my vain Philoſophy, and thoſe new Syſtems I endeavoured to obtrude upon the World,

There

There is GOD, and that a Great and Terrible One. I find too now, that God, will not be mocked, although it was my daily Practice in the World, to mock at Heaven, and ridicule whatever things are Sacred; which were the means I uſed to ſpread abroad my curſed Notions, and which I always found very ſucceſsful: For thoſe I could but get to ridicule the Sacred Oracles, I always looked upon to be in a fair way to become my Diſciples. But now the Thoughts thereof are more tormenting to me, than all the Torments I ſuſtain by Whips of Burning Steel. For nothing more provokes the offended Majeſty of Heaven, than thus to ridicule what he has made ſo Awful.

Epen. By that which you have ſaid, 'tis eaſie to diſcern the great Malignity of Sin againſt the Ever-bleſſed GOD; from whoſe moſt righteous Will and Law, it is a Deviation. And 'twas alone your giving way to Sin, that entailed all your Miſeries upon you; and, doubtleſs, 'tis a cruel and tormenting Thought to think, that what you ſuffer is moſt juſtly. But 'tis not my Deſign to aggravate your Miſeries, only I'd ask another Queſtion that I'd be reſolved: I heard your ſelf and others in the ſame Condition with you, cry out of Burning Steel, and Fire, and Flames, and yet I cannot

cannot diſcern it: Where there is Fire, there muſt be ſome degree of Light; and yet for ought appears to me, you are ſtill in utter Darkneſs.

Hobbs. O that I could but ſay, I felt no Fire: How eaſie would my Torments be, to that which now I find 'em! But out alas, the Fire that we endure, ten thouſand times exceeds all culinary Fire in Fierceneſs; and is of a quite different Nature from it: Which you already well obſerved in one particular, which is that there is no Light at all attends it, as does upon ſuch Fire as burns on Earth; but notwithſtanding all the Fire in Hell, we are in utter Darkneſs. But then the Fire you burn on Earth, is of a preying and devouring Nature; for whatſoever it takes hold of, it conſumes to Aſhes; and when it meets with no more Fewel, it goes out. But here it is not ſo; for though it burns with that tremendous Fierceneſs, which none but thoſe that feel it know, yet does it not conſume, nor never will: We ſhall ever be burning, yet not burned: 'Tis a tormenting, but not conſuming Fire. The Fire that is burned on Earth, is a Corporeal Fire, and cannot ſeize on Immaterial Subſtances; and ſuch are Souls: But here the Fire ſeizes upon our Souls, and puts 'em unto Pain ſo exquiſite and ſo tormenting, as cannot be expreſt.

expreſt. It was my Ignorance of this, when upon Earth, that made me ridicule the Notion of Immaterial Subſtances being burnt by Fire: Which here to my own Coſt, I find too true.——And then another Difference betwixt the Fire that burns us here, and that which burns on Earth, is this, That you can kindle that whenever you pleaſe, and quench it when you will: But here 'tis otherwiſe; this Fire is kindled by the Breath of Heaven, like to a Stream of Brimſtone, and it burns for ever; and therefore is moſt properly ſtil'd, *Fire unquenchable*, which here is like to be our Everlaſting Portion. And this is what I have to anſwer unto the laſt ſad Queſtion that you asked me.

Epen. Sad indeed, ſaid I! See what Almighty Power can inflict on thoſe that Violate his Righteous Law.—— I was a making ſome further Obſervations on what I heard, when the relentleſs Fiend, that was before tormenting of 'em thus interrupted me.

Devil. You ſee by him what ſort of Men they were, when in the World, and don't you think that they deſerve the Puniſhment they undergo?

Epen. To which I anſwered Doubtleſs it is the juſt Reward of Sin which now they ſuffer; and which hereafter you ſhall ſuffer too:

Fo

For you as well as they, have ſinned againſt the Ever-bleſſed GOD; and for your Sin, ſhall ſuffer the juſt Vengance of Eternal Fire. Nor is it in the leaſt any Excuſe to ſay, you never doubted the Being of a GOD; for though you knew there was a God, yet you rebelled againſt him; and therefore ſhall be juſtly puniſhed with Everlaſting Deſtruction from the Preſence of the Lord, and from the Glory of his Power.

Devil. To this the Fiend replyed, 'Tis true, we know we ſhall be puniſhed as thou haſt ſaid; but if it be a Reaſon why Mankind ſhould have Pity ſhew'd them, becauſe they fell through the Temptations of the Devil; 'tis the ſame caſe with me, and all the reſt of the Inferior Spirits, for we were tempted by the bright Sun of the Morning, to take part with him. And therefore though this aggravates the Crime of *Lucifer*, it ſhould extenuate that of Inferior Spirits.

Angel. To this my bright Conductor (who had not ſpoken to them ſince my coming hither) thus replyed, with a ſtern angry Countenance, O thou Apoſtate wicked lying Spirit! Canſt thou affirm thoſe things and ſee me here? Doſt thou not know, it was thy Proud Heart made the take part with *Lucifer* againſt the Bleſſed God, who had Created thee a Glorious Creature:

But

But priding of thy ſelf in thy own Beauty, thou would'ſt have been above thy Bleſſed Creator, and ſo wert ready to take part with *Lucifer*, and juſtly art with him caſt down to Hell; and thy former Comelineſs and Beauty changed to that horrid monſtrous Form, in which thou now appeareſt, as the juſt Puniſhment of thy Rebellious Pride.

Devil. To this the Apoſtate Spirit only ſaid, Why do'ſt thou thus invade our Territories, and come here to torment us e're our time? And when he had ſaid this, he ſlunk away, as if he durſt not ſtay to have an Anſwer.

Epen. The *Fiend* being gone, I ſaid to my Conductor, Something I have already heard about the Fall of the Apoſtate Angels, but have a great deſire to be informed in the Particulars thereof more fully.

Angel. To this my Guardian Angel anſwered me, When thou ſhalt once have put off thy Mortality, and be Tranſlated to the Bleſſed above, there thou ſhalt know ſuch things as now thou canſt not apprehend. And therefore in thy preſent State, deſire not to be wiſe above what's written. It is enough to know the Angels ſinned, and for their Sin were caſt down to Hell. But how pure Spirits ſhould have a Thought

Thought riſe in their Hearts againſt the Eternal Purity that firſt Created them, is what thou art not capable of comprehending now. The Angelick Spirits are free Agents all, created ſo by the Almighty, who loves to have a free and willing Service offered him by all his Creatures; and this, the Sacred Oracles informs you, is called a *Reaſonable Service*; and Angels had a time for their Probation, even in Heaven, as well as *Adam* had in Paradice; and like him, was created in a Poſſibility of Falling: But as the Fall of *Adam* was repaired by the great Promiſe of the Bleſſed *Meſſiah*; ſo all thoſe Bleſſed Spirits, that kept their Station in the great Defection of the Apoſtate Angels, are, through the wondrous Grace of the *Meſſiah*, confirmed therein for ever; that he might be the *Head of Angels too, as well as Men*, and *have in all things the Pre-eminence*, as well becomes the Eternal Son of GOD.——But you have ſeen enough in theſe Black Realms of Miſery and Wo, to ſhew the Glory of Eternal Juſtice, which even the Damned Spirits own to be ſo. For when that great Deciding Day ſhall come, in which the Bodies of the Dead ſhall riſe, and be united to their Souls again, and then appear before the Judgment-Seat, there is none of theſe Black Souls but will plead Guilty, and juſtifie the Judgment

Judgment of Damnation, that they ſhall then hear God pronounce againſt 'em.

Epen. I have obſerved, ſaid I, that all of them complain moſt of the Torment that ariſes from their own Senſe of Guilt; which juſtifies the Juſtice of the Puniſhment.——This gloomy Priſon is the beſt Glaſs to behold Sin in its moſt proper Colours: For were there not the greateſt Malignity in Sin, it would not be Rewarded with ſo extream a Puniſhment.

Angel. Your Inference is very Natural; but there is yet a better Glaſs then this, to ſee the juſt Demerits due to Sin: And that is by Contemplation to behold the Bleſſed Son of God upon the Croſs: There we may ſee the dier Effects of Sin: There we may ſee its true Malignity. For all the Sufferings of the Damned here, are but the Sufferings of Creatures ſtill; but on the Croſs you ſee a Suffering GOD.

Epen. Surely, ſaid I, Juſtice and Mercy did never ſo Triumph and Kiſs each other, as in that fatal Hour. For Juſtice here was fully ſatisfied in the juſt Puniſhment of Sin; and Mercy triumphed, and was pleaſed, becauſe hereby Salvation for poor Sinners was effected. And O Eternal Praiſes to his holy Name for ever! that by his Grace has made me willing to accept of this Salvation, and thereby to become an Heir of Glory:

Glory: For I remember some of those lost Wretches here, have in their bitter Lamentations urged, That when Salvation has been offered them, they have refused it. It was therefore Grace alone that help'd me to accept it.

My shining Guardian told me hereupon, That he must now conduct me to the Earth again, and leave me there, to wait with Faith and Patience, till my expected happy Change should come. And added likewise, That it would be my Wisdom to retain always such a due Sense of my own Unworthiness; for to be Vile in my own Eyes, would make me precious in the sight of God; And that I should not take that Caution ill, because the Enemy of Souls is readiest with Temptations, to puff up those who have had great Discoveries and Revelations of the Mind of God: For there is nothing that the Devil aims at more, than to destroy those who are most dear to God: And though he ever fails in his Attempts, he is unwearied still in his Endeavours; and oftentimes prevails so far against 'em, as to perswade 'em to commit those Sins, which makes 'em afterwards go mourning to their Graves.

I gave him Thanks for the good Counsel he had given me, and told him I should be much wanting to my self, if I should not accept

accept it as the greateſt Kindneſs he could ſhew me. Come then, ſaid he, and let us leave theſe Realms of Wo and Horror to the Poſſeſſion of their black Inhabitants.—— And in a very little ſpace of Time, I found my ſelf on Earth again, and in that very Place where I deſigned to have committed that black Sin of being my own Murderer, overcome by the Temptations of the Devil, who had perſwaded me there was no God, as in the beginning of the Book related.—— But what way it was that I came thither, I am not at all able to determine. —As ſoon as I was by the Bank that I before had ſat on, the bright Appearance, by whom I had been all along conducted, ſaid to me.

Ang. Now *Epenetus*, you know where you are, and I muſt ſtay no longer with you now: I have another Miniſtration to attend. Praiſe him that ſits upon the Throne for ever, who has all Power in Heaven, Earth, and Hell,

For all the Wonders of his Love and Grace,
That he has ſhewn you in ſo ſhort a Space.

Epen. As I was going to reply to him, my bright Conductor diſappear'd, and I was left alone. And having for ſome time conſidered of the Amazing

Viſion

Visions I had seen, and of the Wondrous Things that I had heard, I scarce believed I was again on Earth; nor did I know what time it was I had been absent. And then resolving to return to my own Habitation, I first kneeled down and prayed that I might never lose a lively Sense of all those Wondrous Things that had been shown me; and then 'rose up again, blessing and praising God for all his Goodness, and much admiring at his Wondrous Grace and Condescension.

Being returned unto my House, my Family were much surprized to see my Countenance so strangely changed; and looked upon me as if they scarce had known me.

I asked them what the meaning was, of their unusual Admiration?

They answered, 'Twas the Alteration in my Visage that had caus'd it.

In what respect, said I, is it that I am altered so?

They told me, Yesterday my Looks were so extreamly clouded and cast down, I seemed the very Image of Despair: But now my Face appeared abundantly more Beautiful, and carried all the Marks of perfect Joy and Satisfaction in it.

If you had ſeen, ſaid I, what I have ſeen to Day, you would not wonder at the Change you ſee.——Then going into my Cloſet, I took my Pen and Ink, and their writ down what I had heard and ſeen, declaring the whole Viſions from the firſt to laſt: And then ſubjoyned unto it the Poems following on Heaven and Hell. All which I hope may have the ſame effect on thoſe that read them, as they had upon me in writing them.——

Now to the King Eternal, Immortal, Inviſible, the Only Wiſe GOD, be Glory for ever, Amen.

To whoſe Bleſſing I Recommend it,

JOHN BUNYAN.

A POEM ON THE Glory of Heaven.

ETernal Majeſty, who here doſt Reign,
My Muſe Aſſiſtance by thy Spirit daign:
Pardon, O great Three-One, *my bold Adventure,*
The Holieſt of Holies *thus to Enter.*
O circumciſe my Heart! my foul Lips touch,
With thy great Altar's Coal, e're I approach
Thy Honour's Dwelling: Sanctifie my Verſe,
That in theſe humble Lines I may rehearſe
Soul-charming-Strains that raviſh may with Love,
My ſelf and others of the Things Above.

I kiſs thy Threſhold, LORD, *and ſo creep in;*
Where none approach that are defil'd with ſin:
Not that I'm pure, but foul, yet purged clear;
For, LORD, *my* Sacrifice *and* Prieſt *are here,*

At thy Right Hand of Glory; with Thee One,
The Glory both of thy Right Hand and Throne;
The Wonder of thy Mercy, Love and Grace;
Who bears all Heaven's Joys ſumm'd in his Face;
The Heav'n of Heav'n; Man cannot wiſh more Bliſs,
Than to behold thy Sacred Face and His;
Tho' but a moment who ſuch ſight might have,
Would hug the ſilent huſhtneſs of the Grave;
Kiſs Death? yea, woo Hell too, on the Condition,
(When Time's ſpent to the Snuff) to have Fruition
Of that Tranſcendent Joy! O Grace divine!
Incomprehenſible, ſave by the Trine!
Forcing my Tongue-ty'd Muſe, (wrapt with delight)
To ſtutter forth a far-ſhort Epithite;
O Su-per-ſu-per-ſu-ſu-per-la-tive
Stupendious Love; into whoſe Depth to dive,
Would non plus *Heaven's Angelick Hierarchy,*
And wonder-ſtrike Saints to a Lethargy!
Yet, as if all this mighty Happineſs
Were too too ſmall for Mankind to poſſeſs
For a poor ſinful Worm, too ſlight a Guerdon;
He does not only give him Life and Pardon;
Cleanſes from Sin, and takes away his Guilt;
But for his Entertainment, he has built
The New Jeruſalem, *Joy's ſplendid Throne,*
A City whoſe high Walls are precious Stone;
Her Streets Tranſparent Gold; her Unſhut Gates
Of Orient Pearl; all of Unvalu'd Rates:
Where needs no Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night;
For GOD's Great Glory gives Eternal Light.

The

The Lamb's *the Lamb thereof: Within it walk*
Earth's ſaved Tribes, whoſe Muſick and whoſe Talk,
Are Hallelujahs: *Whoſe white Robes out-vye*
The pureſt Snow in Candor: Such no Eye
Of Mortal ever ſaw, nor Hearts of Man
Can half conceive? where JESUS leads the Van
Of Sacred Myriades; Hoſt of Lord of Hoſts,
With Millions of Angels, for the Poſts
Of that Celeſtial Army, which is grac'd
With many Thouſand Thouſand Kings; all plac'd
On Throne of Glory, Crown'd with endleſs Peace,
And Scepter'd with Triumphant Palms; *where ceaſe*
All Oppoſitions to Eternity.
For all their Enemies ſubdued lie,
Chain'd up in Deathleſs Flames, in Sulph'ry Smother
Tormenting, *and* tormented *by each other.*
Doom'd to ſo horrid and immenſe a Curſe,
Almighty Power *can wiſh his Foes no worſe.*
But there's no need of Hell *to ſet off* Heaven;
Where all Good Things are in ſuch plenty given.
Here's ſweet Satiety, and pleaſing Fulneſs,
Bleſſedly free from nauſeating Dulneſs.
Heaven's Dainties *cloy not, ne'er ſo freely ta'en;*
Nor do it's Gueſt fear Surfeiting or Bane.
Yet 'tis a Laſting, Everlaſting Feaſt;
Like free for all, the Greateſt and the Leaſt.
Here winged Cherubims bring in the Gueſts
From all Earth's Quarters, after Death's Arreſts;
That Vinegar whetting their Appetites
To feed on Unexpreſſible Delights:

For that's God's Way as all the Bleſſed know;
Who'll Feaſt above, muſt taſte ſowr Sauce below.
Afflictions are Preparatives to Bliſs;
Who bears one rightly, can't the other miſs.
Farewel Earth's fadings Joys! And now dear Souls,
Let Faith's bright Eye aſpire beyond the Poles;
And view thoſe everlaſting Manſions there,
Void of Diſturbance, Anguiſh, Fear, or Care;
Of all that diſcontents, all that annoys;
And fill'd with Boundleſs and Eternal Joys.
Here the Cœleſtial Choriſters declare
There Maker's Praiſe, in Hymns that Charming are:
Sweet Odes *and* Eniphalamies *they'll ſing,*
To Celebrate the Nuptials of their King;
Mount Sion's Lamb, Lion *of* Judah's Tribe;
Whoſe bleſs'd Inauguration they'll deſcribe.
In Soul-amazing Notes, that raviſh quite
All Ears with ſweet Exceſs of choice Delight.
The Heaven of Heavens loudly reſound with Pearls
Of Acclamations at the Open'd Seals;
The Myſtery of GOD *fulfill'd they'll ſee,*
And Joy therein to all Eternity.
Hark! hark! Methinks I here Melodious Songs
And none ſuch Ditties warbled by thoſe Throngs!
My Tow'ring Soul would fain tranſcend the Skies,
And join with them in thoſe Bleſs'd Rhapſodies;
The very Thoughts whereof inflame my Heart
With reſtleſs Longings there to bear a Part;
Where who the leaſt Part bears, ſhall bear a bright
Weight of Eternal Glory; Great, yet Light;

An Amarantine Crown *of Glory laſting,*
Further beyond then 'tis to Everlaſting.

LORD, why doth this dull Lump of Earth detain
My Soul from joining in their Quire, that raign
With thee in Glory? I even groan to be
Diſſolv'd that I may thy bright Preſence ſee.
This Life's not worth deſiring, now I view
The difference 'twixt It, and That, that's True.
LORD, let me in thy bleſſed Preſence ſtay,
And wait at my Redeemer's Feet for aye;
But ah! it cannot be! I muſt deſcend,
And wait until this Mortal Life *ſhall end;*
Then ſhall I gladly re-appear before
Thy Throne, and live with Thee for Evermore.
Mean time, thoſe Dangers, bleſſed Lord, prevent
That may aſſail my Soul in her Deſcent:
From Sin's Defilement keep me pure and free;
And then, thy will be done, O Lord, on me.

AN EPIGRAM On the Foregoing POEM.

O What All-dazling Lustre's here! whose bright
Corruscancy deprives all Eyes of Sight;
All Tongues of Words expressive; and all Hearts
Of comprehensive Thoughts; all these weak Parts
Are stupify'd hereat: Yet this great Throne
Was made for worthless Man's Fruition.
What Miracles hath Mercy more to do!
What Forgive Sins, and give Sinners Heaven too!
Then let whose will for things on Earth be Betting;
For when all's got, Heaven's all's that's worth the (getting

A POEM ON THE Torments of Hell.

HOrrids of Creatures! who waſt ſolely made
To pleaſe Eternal Juſtice: *Thy black Shade*
Abounds with Contradictions! Freezing Fires
With Horrid Chilneſs; Infinite Deſires,
Void of the leaſt Attainments; Howling Theams
Compos'd all of Exordiums: Fiery Beams,
Flaſhing, *yet* Lightleſs; *This School's Alphabet*
Abjures Omega; *They who there are met,*
To roar out Palinodes, and Elegies,
Are ſtill Beginning: Cain (*if there be lies*)
Is no whit farther in his Leſſon come
Then he that laſt went hence to that ſad home;
Nay, Lucifer, *grand* Pedagogue *of all,*
Hath not learn'd A, B, C, *ſince his firſt Fall;*

The

Tho' our and his great Maſter taught him better,
The Dullard is not yet paſt the firſt Letter.
His Leſſon's now as far from Learning out,
As 'twas when firſt he Troop'd the Angel-Rout
Into Rebellion; and his Leſſon's dire;
'Tis Wo *and* Lamentations *in a Fire*
Tormenting, *not* Conſuming; Burning *ſtill*;
Still killing, *yet doth never* fully kill;
Eternal Labour *with Eternal* Loſs;
Unceſſant Cares, *and yet unceſſant* Croſs;
A Deathleſs Death, *a Lifeleſs* Life *remains,*
Which multiplies the Terror of the Pains;
Meaſureleſs, endleſs, hapleſs, hopeleſs State!
Whoe'er comes here, finds it Too ſoon, Too late;
Too ſoon *to Senſe, the Pain; but to prevent*
That Senſe, Too late; *Since too late to Repent.*
Ah, careleſs, cureleſs, heedleſs, headleſs, Man!
Leap not into the Fire out of the Pan;
Whilſt here thou would'ſt Afflictions Cauldron ſhun,
Thou dareſt Hell, and ſo art quite undone.
Temporal Croſſes may be better born,
Than thoſe that are Eternal; do not ſcorn
Good Counſel given gratis: *Strike thy Sails:*
Stoop thy Top-gallant Will; it nought avails,
Poor Sculler, theſe to mount in a Bravado;
When thou'rt inviron'd with a ſtrong Armado.
If thou ſtand out, thou'rt ſunk and loſt for ever;
Submit then, and to change thy Will endeavour.
Look *e're thou* leap'ſt, *thy Foot is at Pits brink;*
Move but a Hair's Breadth further, thou muſt ſink.

And

And ſink Eternally. See here the Chaſm,
Againſt whoſe Wounds there is no Cataplaſm!
Who falls here wounded; is beyond all Cure;
And muſt, beyond all Time, *his Pains endure.*
This Dungeon hath nor Joy, *nor* Reſt, *nor* Eaſe,
Nor Comfort, *nor a* Hope *of ought like theſe;*
But Deſparation of them, and Aſſurance
Of Perpetuity of Pains Endurance.
View, view, bewitched Man, This Place of Wo,
Jehovah's Magazine of Terror! *Lo!*
This Den from Beatifick Viſion is
Eccentrick; quite Exterminate from Bliſs:
Its Gueſts all Captive Mourners, who delight
Each other to Torment, and to affright.
Mutual Aſſaſſinates: From Mercy far;
Inſatiate in fierce Cruelty they are:
Whoſe hedious Howlings, raving, roaring Cries,
Gnaſhing of Teeth and Shrieks would rend the Skies,
Shake all the Earth to ſhivers, melt proud Man
Into a Flood of Tears, make Beauty wan.
Strength feeble, and his very Frame diſſolve
To Nothing, once to hear 'em: O revolve
This frequently in Heart! Leſt Hells dark Flame,
(The Thoughts whereof ſhould whildeſt Mortals tame)
Proves the firſt Light that gives the ſight of Sin,
And Senſe of ſecond Death: When once thou'rt in,
There's no Redemption: Penitence too late
Will but increaſe thy Torments; not abate:
Here thou may'ſt ſee Nimrod's *ſtern Progeny*
Tyranniz'd o're as they lov'd Tyranny:

Gigantick

Gigantick Cyclops *may tormented be,*
By Pigmey Fiends, *t'augment their Misery.*
The Pompous Dives *here shall not command*
One Drop of Water from a Lazar's *Hand;*
Nor get altho' through Thirst his Throat was clung,
One Drop of Water for his parched Tongue.
Abaddon *and* Apollyon *here do raign*
Great Lords of Miſ-rule o're the Damned Train;
'Mongſt whom Confuſion *is the* perfect'ſt Order,
And greateſt Mercy worſe than horrid Murder:
Here Lucifer *and* Beelzebub *now lie,*
Inflicting Pain, and Pain'd Eternally,
Thoſe lapſed Angels knowing their own Fate
Irrevocable, are incens'd with hate
Againſt both GOD and Man; but wanting Power
GOD to moleſt, they Mankind would devour:
Whom living, they by Flattery ſtrive to win;
But dead, torment moſt juſtly for their Sin.
Their firſt Plot is, GOD's Image to deface,
Which tho' once loſt, is now renew'd by Grace;
Since our baſe Forfeiture of that great Favour
In Paradice, by Breach of good Behaviour.
But ſince Redemption cruſh'd that curs'd Deſign,
They do endeavour now to undermine,
Us by our neareſt Friends, the World and Fleſh;
Yea, our own ſelves, our ſelves aſſault afreſh:
And did not an Almighty Power defend us,
Theſe our three Friends *to thoſe* our Foes *would*
ſend us.

Bleſſed

Bleſſed Redeemer, let thy Banner ſhield us;
And let thy Spirit ſtill Aſſiſtance yield us,
Againſt thoſe Subtilties and ſly Devices,
Whereby Hell's Regent our poor Souls entices;
Confound his Plots, and by thy Grace relieve us;
And from this Diſmal Dungeon, *Lord, reprieve us.*

But thou, curſt Wretch, *who'rt in this woful Place,*
How wretched *and how* hopeleſs *is thy Caſe!*
Incenſed Juſtice *here his Power does ſhew:*
See, wretched Man what Sin had brought thee to!
This is the Houſe of thy curs'd Sin's Foundation;
Tophet, *the Cell of thy deſerv'd Damnation.*

FINIS.

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